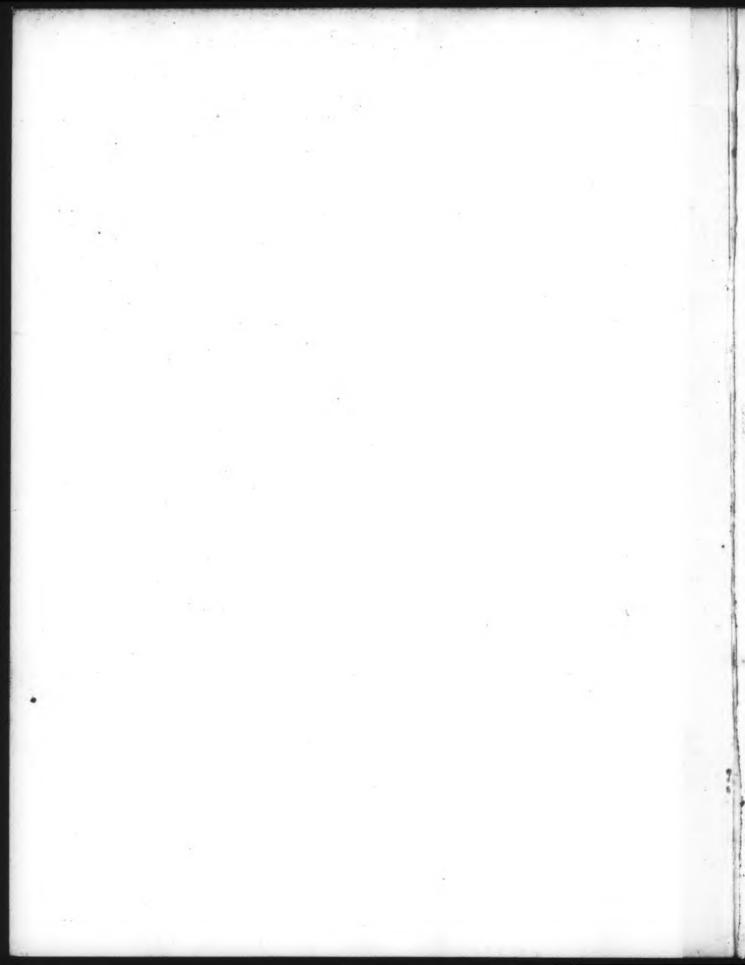
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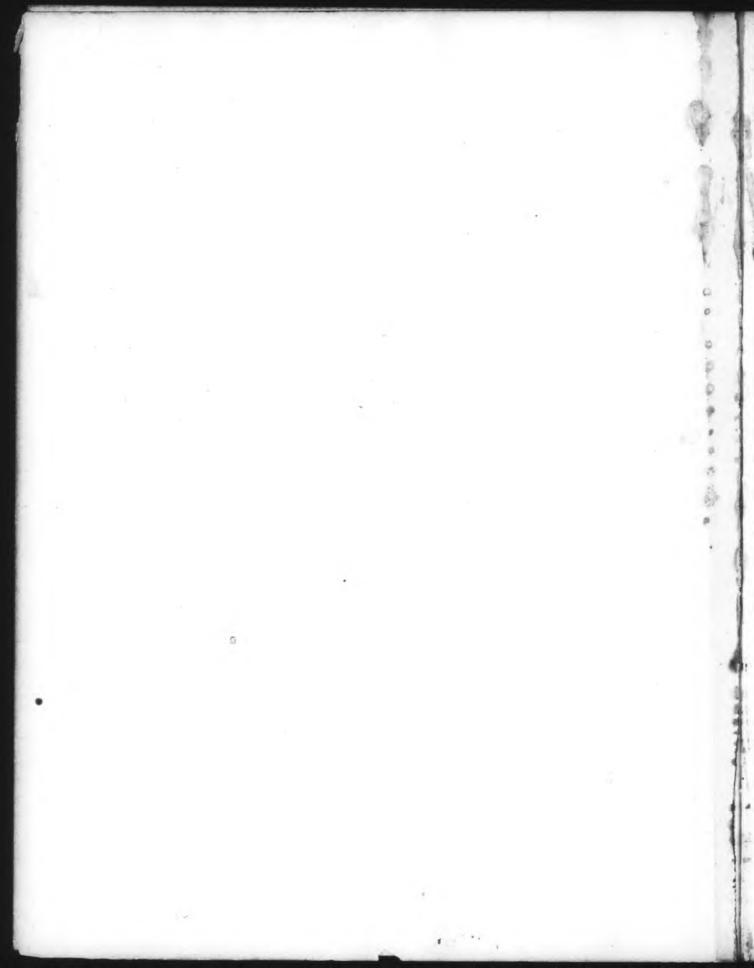
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FROM THE

HUDSON

TO THE

St. Johns.

Anthony Cumton Kinceley

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Published for Private Distribution.

Press of the Newark Daily Advertiser.

TO

MRS. A. L. DENNIS,

WHOSE GENTLE MINISTRATIONS AND CONSTANT SOLICITUDE. AS THE HEAD OF HER

TRAVELING HOUSEHOLD.

MADE THE

EXCURSION TO FLORIDA.

AN EVENT OF UNBROKEN HARMONY AND UNALLOYED ENJOYMENT,
THE FOLLOWING RECORD, WRITTEN CHIEFLY DURING
THE JOURNEY, IS, BY UNANIMOUS REQUEST
OF THE PARTY,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.





NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

HURSDAY, February 26th, 1874, at 9 a.m., there stood upon the rails of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, a miniature dwelling-house, capable of accommodating a family of twenty-three, ready to receive its occupants and to roll away from the Hudson to the St. Johns—from the wintry blasts of the north, to the Orange groves of Florida. Since this is to be an attempt to record the doings of the household for the next thirty days, it is well to begin with some description of the house. Let us look through it before its inmates take possession, while it is in the sole charge of Charles W. Rowan, major-domo, and Benjamin Harris, cook and bottle washer.

It is of the familiar maroon color, and its name is "Pennsylvania." It consists of four rooms and a piazza. A kitchen, dining room, parlor, and ladies' dressing room, with pantries, closets, refrigerator, cooking range, hot and cold water, and all

the appliances of convenience and comfort which can be compressed into the space of a large railway car. The dining room can be converted into sleeping apartments. The piazza or balcony in the rear is large enough for ten seats. There are electric call-bells from parlor and dining room to the kitchen. And the table can be spread with India China and the choicest linen. The wheels are adjustable to any width of track, so that it can move over any railroad in the country. It is in fact the car of Col. Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and bas been placed at the disposal of Mr. Alfred L. Dennis, President of the New Jersey Railroad, for an excursion to Florida and back, with some friends whom he has invited to join himself and Mrs. Dennis in running away from the March winds. It was to leave with the morning train to Washington.

Before it started seven of the family had taken possession of their temporary home. They were Mr. and Mrs. William D. Bishop of Bridgeport, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Baylis of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sloan of New York, and Mr. Moses Taylor, also of New York.

No stirring incidents of travel are to be recorded in the journey across the Newark meadows. At Newark the household was largely increased. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Martin R. Dennis, Mrs. Daniel Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Keasbey, Mr. Thomas T. Kinney, Mr. Samuel S. Dennis, and Mr. Alfred L. Dennis, Jr., made up the Jersey part of the family, and so with nineteen

inmates, besides some friends not yet ready for their leave-takings, the little Hotel rolled away Southward. The furious snow storm of the preceding day had caused forebodings of delay, and all were ready to enjoy the bright morning and the successful departure. At Philadelphia the household was made complete by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Bacon and daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Anne Bacon. And now the house was full and merry, and the trip was fairly begun. The day was devoted to establishing the proper relations of intimacy among the various members of the family, to discussing plans of travel, and settling down into regular habits of locomotion.

The marked feature of the day was the first dinner. The household was too numerous for the table, and gallantry prompted the gentlemen to insist that the ladies should dine first, assisted by two gentlemen. But the experiment was never repeated. The two gentlemen who devoted themselves to the service of the ladies expected to be welcomed to the table of the gentlemen after the cloth was removed, to join them in discussing the quality of the champagne provided for the trip. But they were barred out. In vain they implored admission to that festive board. They stood without the closed door, and heard the "sounds of revelry," and exhausted all their arguments and entreaties upon Mr. Sloan, the master of the feast. He was obdurate. His jolly companions greeted the lamentations of the outsiders with roars of laughter. And he would occasionally open the door and roll out an empty bottle in

mockery. The Mayor had no power or process for such an emergency, and the chronicler can only avenge himself by recording the incident for the warning of future travellers. It had one good effect. It broke up at once the pernicious system of dividing the sexes at dinner. Thereafter a table was established in the parlor, and both being graced by the presence of ladies, the meals in the car became models of elegance and propriety, and were enjoyed with more zest than those of any hotel. And it had another good effect. The merriment of that first dinner was so hearty, that it put the whole family in the best mood for enjoyment, and gave a tone of good humor and pleasant feeling, that prevaded the entire trip.

Washington was reached at about five o'clock, and we found excellent accommodations awaiting us at Willards. Friday was spent in Washington, and the incidents of a city so familiar need not be dwelt upon. It may, however, be mentioned that some went to the Senate in the afternoon and heard Charles Sumner make his last speech on the bill concerning the Centennial Celebration. During the next week he died.





WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND.

E LEFT Washington at 8 A.M., Saturday, March 28th, for Richmond by a special train provided for us through the kindness of the officers of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. But at Washington the party suffered a serious loss. Mr. Sloan was advised by telegraph of the illness of a child, and was obliged to return to New York with Mrs. Sloan. Mr. Taylor returned also, being unwilling to go without Mr. Sloan. We parted from them with great regret, but hoping that they would soon rejoin us.

We reached Richmond at two, and before alighting from the car the train was run out upon the long bridge, in order that we might obtain a fine view of the city. Good quarters were in readiness at the Exchange Hotel, and there we established ourselves for the rest and quiet of Sunday.

Mr. Fred'k Scott, President of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company, called on Mr. Dennis and tendered all facilities as to our journey, beginning the kind offices which were continued during the whole trip by the gentlemen in charge of the several railroads over which we passed, through all the Southern States. On Sunday many of the party went to the colored church to hear Brother Jasper preach. He is a famous colored preacher and has great influence among his brethren through the South. Some went to old St. Paul's, where Jeff Davis was worshiping when he received the fatal message that told him that his slave confederacy was in ruins, and warned him to flee from Grant's conquering army.





RICHMOND TO COLUMBIA.

EFORE leaving Richmond the welcome news came that the child was better, and that Mr. Sloan and Mr. Taylor would rejoin us on Monday. At 2 o'clock on that day we left, and at the junction we found them just arrived by the Northern train. They were received like wanderers from the fold, and Mr. Sloan was at once installed in his old place as Master of the Revels-in which he achieved a success and gained a popularity that would astonish the Jersey commuters. It was greatly regretted that Mrs. Sloan could not Her presence for two days had made us all feel how much pleasure she would give and receive if permitted to continue the journey. So strong was the feeling on this subject that it took the form of a letter to her to which each member contributed a paragraph. This document, written in pencil on a moving car, by twenty different hands, should be deposited in the Astor Library as a literary curiosity.

On Monday, between Richmond and Greensboro', Mrs. Dennis gave a state dinner in honor of the birthday of one of the gentlemen of the party. Mr. Perry was requested to take the responsible office of Commissary or Quartermaster, or whatever such a peaceful provider of sustenance for such a party should be called. Whatever may be the proper title, he covered himself with glory in the discharge of his duties, as there will be further occasion to relate.

This birthday dinner was his first exploit, and it was a master-Mr. Sloan's heart warmed toward the outsiders whom he had put off with empty bottles, and he insisted that there should be no outsiders at this feast. The dining room should hold the whole party. And so it did, although it is probable that never were twenty-two people packed around a dinner table in smaller compass. And never, perhaps, was a dinner more thoroughly enjoyed. Mayor, Banker, Railroad Presidents, Editor, Merchant, Lawyer—all threw dull care away and gave themselves up to mirth and jollity, like children at a birthday Flowers were presented by the ladies to the gentleman whose natal day was honored; speeches were made, and merriment reigned supreme until night came on and it was necessary to consider how this jolly party of twenty-two should find resting places on the rail, for we were to make no stop for the night. A Pullman car was attached to the train, and places enough engaged for those who could not sleep in our own car, which accommodates only eight sleepers. The gentlemen magnanimously

offered to keep our own car and surrender the Pullman places to the ladies. But they were never allowed to show such self-sacrifice again. The ladies learned enough that night to know that their travelling hotel was better than any of the Pullman palaces. And when they crept out of their holes in the morning at Charlotte, after being entertained with the music of adjusting trucks at midnight at Greensboro', they presented a striking contrast to the hilarious dinner party of the preceding day.

What is meant by adjusting trucks? This is an important inquiry for those who wish to go in one car from New York to Florida. Let any ordinary car try it, and when it comes to Greensboro' it must stop. It is as helpless to go further as a pile of wood. Two or three inches of difference in the width of the track, make a barrier as insurmountable as an ocean. All the locomotives on the continent could not pull it to Columbia. But with our travelling house the case is quite different. At midnight we reach Greensboro', and while we are all asleep, or trying to sleep, Charley puts on his blue cotton trousers, gathers up his hammers and wrenches-causes the car to be run over a pit along the sides of which the rails of different gauge run into each other-and there he skillfully loosens the bands of the adjustable axles and slowly runs the car along until the wheels have spread or narrowed till they fit the new track,—and then he tightens and screws all up again, and takes a last look at every joint and bolt-mindful of the precious load

he carries—and then our moving house is adjusted to its new pathway, and rolls on towards the Land of Flowers.

At early morning on Tuesday, March 3d, we found ourselves at the station at Charlotte, where again the trucks had to be adjusted. This allowed an hour for the inspection of the town. The vigilant Commissary was soon engaged in foraging through the city, and succeeded admirably. He also found some old citizens who had once been Jerseymen, and who hastened to the station to make a morning call upon some old friends.

Those of the party who remained at the station found themselves diverted by the movements of some strange specimens of humanity not indigenous to that region. An ancient female with foreign aspect, clothed in a man's great-coat, of a pattern unknown to American tailors, sat alone upon a huge black box, silent and stern, as if mounted in solemn guard over her entire household treasures. Some cabalistic marks showed that the box had come from Flanders and was bound for St. Paul. Soon she was joined by an entire family, of which she seemed to be the grandmother. Father, mother and children in strange apparel, gathered about the box and held a family parley. We watched them with curious interest, and left them wondering how these human waifs had been washed into this Southern eddy by the tide of emigration which should have carried them across the country to the northern regions of the Mississippi. But probably they had as much right to wonder what tide was carrying us from the Northern snows to the swamps of Florida.

From Charlotte to Columbia there is little to relate. Breakfast and dinner on the car, which tended to increase the reputation of our Commissary. Foliage showing that we had indeed left Winter behind us. Cotton fields indicating that we were really in the Southern country. Books and work and merry talk, and writing letters to friends at home—these were the only incidents of the day, which passed pleasantly and quickly, as all days do in this lazy and luxurious mode of travel.

At six o'clock we reached Columbia and went to the Wheeler House. Perhaps it will be well to describe this now familiar process of arriving at a Hotel. By long practice it has reached the regularity of a piece of machinery. The telegraph announces in advance the coming of the great Southern Excursion party. The omnibuses are ready at the station. As the car rolls into the city, each one picks up the bag and parcel familiar by regular use. We file out of the car and into the omnibus, and reaching the hotel, the ladies march to the reception room and patiently wait for their distribution through the house. Mr. Baylis is first at the desk and records the well-known list in the accustomed order. The clerk profoundly studies the heavy problem presented to him, and as the numbers go down on the book each gentleman carries off his key and hastens to the group of patient ladies, and summon those who properly appertain to him. One standing rule pervades the entire systemthe gentleman with two wives must have a room for the odd one in some convenient proximity to that in which he and the

regular one are quartered. Soon the whole party is dispersed, to reappear at a fixed time in the dinning room, where, after proper refreshment, they arrange plans for seeing the town, and for continuing the course of travel.

At the Wheeler House it was soon arranged that we should remain until 1 p. m. the next day, in order to drive about the town and to visit that famous political exhibition—the South Carolina Legislature. The regular train was to leave early, but we are enabled to set at nought all railway schedules and to ignore time-tables, for everywhere—by the magical influence of Mr. Dennis over the railroad system—we can have a special train to start at any convenient hour.

So after breakfast carriages were ready, and we spent two hours in driving about Columbia.

This is not a hand-book and will not give much information for future travellers as to the wide and shady streets—the venerable college and professors houses surrounding a classic looking square—the neat barracks where the United States troops still keep in mind the terrible day when Sherman's army marched into the capitol of South Carolina—the long bridge destroyed by the citizens in their frantic efforts to save their soil from that desecration, or the ruins along the main street yet remaining to mark the path of the great fire which swept the centre of the town during the occupation. All these things we saw hastily as we drove through, but at noon we reached the point of special interest—the State House, begun on a grand scale

in the palmy days of slavery, and designed to serve as the Capitol for the great Southern Confederacy, then dreamed of by John C. Calhoun and his followers. It stands now unfinished. Its massive columns and architraves are incomplete. It has been hurriedly and cheaply enclosed for temporary use. The lower floor is without interior finish and is unused. A clumsy wooden roof destroys its symmetry. A rough board fence surrounds the enclosure, furnishing ample space for advertising minstrel shows and "Simmons' Liver Regulator." Just now it is resplendant with gorgeous pictures of the Wallace Sisters, who are to divert the Columbians for two nights with their astonishing performances. But the building is really fine. Great masses of stone partially cut lie upon the ground, and the day will come when they will take their places in the structure, and make it, we may hope, the worthy Capitol of a prosperous State; and when its walls will ring with words, wiser if not more eloquent than those of Havne, McDuffie and Calhoun.

There are some chief stones in the building chipped and broken by the Union cannon. Let them remain to mark the time when it was saved from becoming the centre of legislation for a slave confederacy.

The House was in session in the same hall in which, on the 9th of November, 1860, a resolution was unanimously passed calling a Convention for the purpose of secession, which was, in effect, the first gun fired in the war.

What a striking contrast in less than fourteen years! Passing

into the hall, where we were very courteously received, we found the body just assembled. A bright looking colored Speaker, who had been the body-servant of a Confederate General, called the House to order. A minister, black as ebony, stepped forward to make a prayer. Perfect stillness prevailed while the prayer was uttered. Nothing could have been more solemn. In tone, manner and words, it was as noble a prayer as we ever listened to on such an occasion. Then came the exhibition. It must be confessed that as a diversion, it was rather disappointing. There were, it is true, eighty black and only fortyfour white men. Some of the former made amusing pictures by the manner in which they used their new weapon, the pen, so much less familiar than the hoe. And their twisted heads and contorted mouths as they labored over letters to their constituents, were suggestive of the district school. And the stormy efforts made by some lively legislators to obtain the floor, were quite equal to those of a Northern legislative body during a morning hour. The most marked character, however, was Tim Hurley, a Massachusetts Irishman, who has settled in Columbia and become a leading spirit in the practical affairs of the place. Judging from the daily papers and common conversation, Tim is a novel element in South Carolina life, and is making a hurly-burly not at all agreeable to the descendants of the chivalry.

We heard no wonderful speeches and we could form no opinion as to the value of their deliberations, but in truth, we voted the South Carolina Legislature a bore—the show did not come up to the promise of the play-bills.

Soon after leaving the Capitol it was necessary for us to pursue our journey, for our special train was ready at half-past one. A curious incident attended the arrangement of this "Special." Mr. Dennis was told on the preceding evening that no engine could be obtained. But Mr. Sloan discovered that there was an idle locomotive in Columbia, and they went to the telegraph office to talk the subject over with the Superintendent of the road at Charleston. But this officer could not be found, and the assistant could do nothing. Mr. Sloan would not give it up and continued to push his electrical inquiries. He insisted on knowing where the Superintendent was. After search the answer came that he was at a ball. So the message was sent to the But then came the answer that it was a masked ball the annual Purim Ball—and that the officer could not be identified among the masqueraders. But even this novel difficulty was overcome. The Superintendent was unmasked, and at once sent a courteous answer that we should have a special train. Thus do all obstacles vanish before the path of our moving house. It is a car of triumph.

It should be mentioned that we passed in our drive through Columbia the handsome residence of Gen. Wade Hampton, and that as we left in the train the bells were tolling for the funeral of Mrs. Hampton.



COLUMBIA TO CHARLESTON.

E reached Charleston at ten o'clock in the evening. The approach to this famous city in the evening is not particularly agreeable. Pleasures of the eye being out of the question, the sense of smell has the ascendancy; and the odors which surround us are not those of "Araby the blest," but of the phosphate fertilizers which are manufactured in immense quantities in the suburbs, and are piled up at all the stations. If we can judge by the strength of the smell of these anti-deluvian deposits, which pervades all the eastern parts of South Carolina and Georgia along the railroads, these States must soon abound in agricultural wealth.

Our special train was expected at the Charleston Hotel, for we were ushered into the dining room at eleven o'clock and found an elaborate dinner ready for us. But one of our best car suppers had rendered us entirely incapable of doing further duty in that direction. Thursday, March 5th, was our day in Charleston. It was too little for a city of so much interest, but we prepared to make good use of the short time alloted to us. Fortunately it is a compact city, lying between its two noble rivers, and through the kindness of very attentive friends we were able to see it to great advantage. By the courtesy of Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, whom we had met at Richmond, we were provided with a request to Col. Gilmore, in charge of the U. S. troops at Charleston, to furnish us with a Government launch for a visit to Fort Sumter. Col. Gilmore called at the Hotel in the evening and arranged that our sail across the bay to the Fort should begin at three o'clock. During breakfast Col. Richard Lathers came and invited the whole party to assemble at his house to meet some friends at lunch, which we accepted with great pleasure.

The morning was occupied in walking and driving about the old city, and observing the points made famous in the war. At noon we assembled at the beautiful house of Colonel Lathers on the Battery, where we were welcomed with great cordiality and introduced to a large company of gentlemen and ladies who had been invited to meet us. A fine picture gallery occupies a large space on the first floor, and in the top of the house is a large library well stocked with books and engravings, and commanding from two sides noble views of the city and harbor. From the balcony we could see Fort Sumter, and with a glass could trace the points made memorable during the long siege. Fort Moultrie, Sumter, James Island, Fort Johnson

and other points whose names were once so terribly familiar, lay beneath us, and our intelligent host and his friends pointed out to us the scenes of the various operations of the war, and talked of its trials and its results, without a touch of bitterness and with no remark to awaken any unkind remembrances.

Soon we assembled in the parlors and found a very handsome entertainment. We were welcomed in a formal speech and Mr. Taylor was called on to respond. He appealed to the lawyer of our company as their talking man, but that functionary had evidently left his talking apparatus at home, supposing he would have no use for it on this trip, and was obliged to call upon Mr. Sloan and Mr. Bishop, who were quite equal to the occasion, as they always are. The Mayor also very gracefully spoke of the old relations between his city and Charleston, and returned thanks for our cordial entertainment. The Editor was called for in vain. He vanished mysteriously towards the close of the Mayor's speech and reappeared as soon as all danger of speech making had passed. The venerable Judge Bryan, of the U.S. District Court, made happy compliments to the ladies, and Col. Simons closed with expressions of kindness and hospitality on the part of the citizens of Charleston. It was an occasion of great interest, and caused a general feeling that in this social intercourse of the educated classes of the North and the South, now so freely cultivated, is to be found the most efficient means of restoring good feeling, and healing finally the cruel wounds of the war.

As we looked out upon the bay rolling roughly under a stiff breeze, we feared that we must forego our trip to Sumter. But Col. Gilmore announced that it was safe, and at three we were at the dock ready for the sail. A sloop and the steam launch were in readiness and we divided the party between them. A short sail of three miles brought us beneath the battered walls of the old Fort. But within a year past shoals have formed close around the walls on the south and west, and the only access is by a short dock in water so shallow that only a small boat can approach, and then the ascent must be by a steep lad The waves ran high and the attempt to transfer the party in small boats seemed dangerous. But our ladies are full of courage and curiosity, and they make the venture boldly. They took Fort Sumter, but they will never try it again under such circumstances. It proved hard enough to take it-scrambling, one by one, guided by a marine, from the bobbing boat up the perpendicular steps,—but the formidible matter was to leave it after they had taken it. The wind rose while we were examining it, and when that crowd of pleasure seekers stood upon the dock and saw their craft out in the bay, and the little boat thumping against the foot of the ladder, and carried away by every wave, they began to think that after all the stories of the siege, the real trouble is to evacuate Fort Sumter after you have taken it. There were grave thoughts of holding possession at least for the night, hoping for a calm in the morning—but then the true pluck of the North prevailed, and one by one the

ladies made the perilous descent, and all were safely transferred to the vessels.

We afterwards learned that Col. Gilmore had been seriously anxious, and we fancied that he had led many a storming party in hot earnest, with less anxiety than he felt when the Southern Excursion Party evacuated Fort Sumter under his command. We need not describe the fort. It is too well known by photograph and pen. Let us only pay a tribute to the solitary crane which perambulates solemnly over rubbish and cannon balls—the pet of the workmen, apparently engaged on a government salary, in superintending the improvements.

Huddled in the cabin to escape the cold wind and flying spray we soon found ourselves at the dock—not at all sorry to be on firm ground without accident.

The evening was spent in giving and receiving visits and pleasant conversation with some of the most intelligent people of Charleston, and in preparation for our journey on the morrow.

It may be mentioned that in the morning while preparations for departure were going on, one of the party whose grandfather died here in 1806, was guided by a little boy, familiar with the spot, to the grave under the walls of old St. Philip's Church, and copied the inscription on his tomb.



CHARLESTON TO SAVANNAH.

Mrs. Martin R. Dennis and their son, who are to travel North by steamer. They did not intend to accompany us so far—but we regret to lose them, and beg hard that they will at least leave Alfred with us, the party being on short allowance as to young men. But it could not be, and we left them at 9 o'clock, again by special, for Augusta.

We stopped at Aiken for an hour and walked through the town. Some of the party found friends spending the winter in noted resort for invalids. It is finely situated in the midst of pine forests, and has a balmy atmosphere and a clean, sober, quiet air, suited to an abode for the weak and suffering—but it was not specially attractive and it seems to be pervaded by a sense of sadness, as a place in which people are bound in a sort of sanitary prison house. Yet as we passed at the foot of the hill on which stands Highland Park Hotel, the piazzas were

bright with waving handkerchiefs and rang with merry voices—so perhaps they are not unhappy after all.

We arrived at the Planters' Hotel, Augusta, at four o'clock, in time to take a pleasant drive through the broad and shaded streets and to see the main features of this thriving town. It shows every token of wealth and prosperity. It suffered little in the war and seems to be inhabited by a population much more thrifty and energetic than usual in the Southern States.

In the morning of Saturday, March 7th, we had our first rain—a soft Summer rain—just enough to brighten up the vegetation and to add to the comfort of our journey to Savannah, which began at eleven in a special train, with Col. Wadley's car attached to ours, making a palatial suite of apartments, consisting of six rooms. We soon rolled into clear weather—or the clouds rolled away from us—for only the signal service bureau could tell how we contrived to travel about among the atmospheric currents so as to strike only two rains in a month.*

In whatever way it was, we soon found ourselves in lovely weather, passing through a beautiful country, rich in cotton fields and bright with yellow jasmine.

Our Commissary was evidently making preparations for an extraordinary dinner, in harmony with the high spirits of the

^{*}Mr. and Mrs. Martin R. Dennis spent the morning in Washington at the office of the Signal Service, in consultation with Gen. Meyer concerning the mysteries of weather prophecy. Perhaps it was all arranged then as a part of the thorough equipment of our tour.

household. Though he had ransacked the Augustan markets for delicacies, he scented a wild turkey at a station ten miles beyond. The intimation of this game probably came to Mr. Sloan by telegraph, and the Commissary provided himself with funds and prepared to secure the prize regardless of expense. He rushed to the platform and inquired for the man with the wild turkey. A colored gentleman with his hands in his pockets volunteered the information that the turkey was "done gone." So we had no wild turkey for dinner, but nevertheless we had a royal feast and a merry time, for after the cloth was removed we were entertained by an elaborate Life of Sam Sloan, written and read amidst uproarious applause, by Mr. Bishop. It is to be regretted that the manuscript of this Biography of our genial fellow-traveller was lost or in some manner suppressed, so that it cannot be incorporated into this narrative. But none of the listeners will forget the stirring incidents and remarkable events, detailed by Mr. Bishop, or the cordial eulogies of Mr. Sloan made by the speakers at the close of the biography.

At five o'clock we reach Savannah. We found at the Station open carriages awaiting us, provided by the kindness of Mayor Anderson and Mr. Cunningham, and stopping for a few minutes at the Screven House, we drove through the city to Bonaventure. This is a noble grove of Live Oaks, formerly a country residence, and now a Cemetery. It seems a place better adapted for the repose of the dead than for the home of the

living. The great oaks are ranged in long lines and form vast aisles and avenues, with all their branches hung with moss and swinging solemnly above the graves. The sunset was remarkably fine and the effect of the golden sky through the long vistas of moss and foliage was very impressive. Driving around through Thunderbolt we reached the Hotel after dark and took possession of our ample quarters for three days' sojourn in Savannah.

Sunday morning was devoted to Church, and the way home from all the Churches to any quarter of the City, seems to lie through Forsyth Park, in the midst of which stands their famous fountain. After Church we met at the Hotel, Judge Schley of the Superior Court of Savannah, and Mrs. Schley, formerly Mrs. Keep of New York. They were just arranging for a trip to St. John's River, and soon agreed to join our party. We found them most agreeable companions—and a fortunate compensation for the loss of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Sloan, who were to leave us at this point for the North.

In the afternoon we were invited by the Mayor to visit the Barracks to witness the drill of the City Police. This was, for us, an unaccustomed service for Sunday afternoon, but we accepted, and from four to six we found ourselves in the Barracks looking down upon the well kept drill ground and watching the evolutions of a body of sixty men in military uniform, every one of whom was formerly a soldier in the war, on one side or the other—now united in the more peaceful duty of pre-

serving order in a city. They had lost none of their old habits of discipline, and their movements during that Sunday afternoon drill made it plain that Savannah is a poor field for rioters.

The evening was pleasantly occupied by calls from friends of the different members of the party.

On Monday after breakfast we were ordered by Mr. Sloan to assemble at 10 o'clock at the rooms of a Savannah Photographer, in order that the "counterfeit presentment" of the great Southern Excursion Party might be put in enduring shape for future generations. The hilarity of the hour in the crowded room of the Savannah Artist, will be long remembered. One incident, not exhibited in the picture, should at least be preserved in this record.

Just as the second group had, after infinite trouble, been satisfactorily posed, with the stalwart and imposing figure of Mr. Taylor occupying the central space in a sitting posture, with the other nine in their best attitudes about him—just as the solemn operator had subdued their smiles and succeded in fixing their several countenances into that blank and rigid shape in which we are usually put up for posterity by the country artist—just as the last whisper had ceased, and each pair of eyes was directed to its allotted point of vision, and the mysterious brass cap was about to be removed from the camera—just at that critical moment there appeared suddenly a new figure in the foreground—an astonishing interloper into the exclusive circle

of Northern millionaires, to be transmitted by the pencil of the sun to future generations—a negro baby in the lap of Mr. Taylor! What a pity that even the rays of the sun were not swift enough to catch that remarkable picture before the explosions of laughter in the whole group reduced the photographer to a state of despair. And whence came this little sable visitant so suddenly—this waif of the log-cabin into the arms of the President of the City Bank of New York?

While the other group were banished to the adjoining room, in order that they might not disturb the gravity of those who were to undergo the operation, a timid looking colored woman came up the stairs with a baby in her arms. With his quick genius for making fun, and without a word of explanation to the astonished mother, Mr. Sloan snatched the child from her arms, and in an instant he had darted through the door and deposited it in the lap of his distinguished friend, and vanished from the scene. The baby, with the meekness of its race, uttered no cry, but lay contented in its novel position, as if well content to be identified photographically with such superior beings. The mother took the kidnapping as a matter of course, and waited patiently to see whether the child was to be returned or was really to be adopted by the party.

Mr. Taylor did not seem anxious for this addition to his picture, and Mr. Sloan was obliged to restore the little angel cut in ebony to its parent. It was feared that the picture, with this adjunct, would be deemed an overwrought illustration of the union of the North and South at this stage of reconstruction.

After the picture was completed we returned to the. Hotel where, through the great kindness of Col. Screven, we found carriages ready to take the whole party to visit the cotton presses in the city and his rice plantation at Brewton Hill. At the latter place, as we stood upon the bluff overlooking the wide stretch of low land along the Savannah River, forming the rice growing region, we were entertained by vivid descriptions of the operations of Sherman's army which made its headquarters at this point at the time of the capture of the city.

The old mansion house of the plantation was inhabited only by a colored woman—called "Old Rose," who gave us some amusing accounts of plantation life in old times, assuring us that she knew all the history of the Screven family when they occupied the house, because "she growed in de ditch."

After a very pleasant day we spent a merry evening at the Hotel, where we were visited by Gen. Gilmer, Gen. Lawton, the Chief Quartermaster of the Confederate Army, Mayor Anderson, Messrs. Cuyler, Cunningham, Judge Stites, and others, by all of whom we were treated most kindly during our stay in their charming city.

In the morning we were to set off for a long journey to Jacksonville. And here occurred a remarkable illustration of the advantages we enjoy in the way of railroad travelling. The track to Jacksonville does not connect at Savannah with that by which we came from Augusta. The depots are in different parts of the city. How were we to find our car at the Jackson ville station? This was a difficulty easily overcome. While we were enjoying ourselves at Savannah, our travelling home was hooked on to a train for Macon under the care of Charles and Ben, and rolled away two hundred miles, and back again by another road connecting at Macon to the Jacksonville Depot at Savannah, thus making a circuit of four hundred miles, in order to be in waiting for us a few blocks from where we left it.





SAVANNAH TO JACKSONVILLE.

N Tuesday, March 10th, at eight o'clock, we started by special train for Jacksonville, with the pleasant addition of Judge and Mrs. Schley to our party. Col. Screven was to accompany us, but was prevented by the illness of a child. He most kindly made all preparations for our long journey, sending his Superintendent, Mr. Haines, with his special car, which, with our own, comprised the whole train. We soon entered upon a vast stretch of pine forests, through which we rolled on all day—enjoying a capital dinner.

Among the pleasant incidents that beguiled the long nightride through swamps and pine forests, where spectral fires lit the dark recesses, was a "last tea party"—a surprise devised by Mrs. Dennis in commemoration of those tea-total re-unions which relieved the cold winter at home. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates" was drawn from the stock of Souchong of a member of the party, whose provident better-half had smuggled it into his luggage, as if in anticipation of the crisis. Amidst the sober revelry of the occasion a toast was proposed by Mrs. Dennis and drunk with all the honors, in remembrance of Mrs. Kinney.

As we crossed the Suwanee River we celebrated the passage by singing the famous negro melody concerning that classic stream. Our "Special," on the single track, was obliged to wait for all regular trains, and it was long after midnight when we reached Jacksonville—the end of railroad travel on the Atlantic coast—where we were to leave our car for our steamboat trip up and down the St Johns River.

It was near two o'clock in the morning when we reached the ample comforts of the St. James' Hotel.

Here we gave ourselves up to rest, and the first enjoyment of the balmy atmosphere of Florida, until the morning of Thursday, when we were to begin our River trip.





ST. JOHNS RIVER.

N Thursday, March 12th, 1874, at 3 P.M., we left the St. James Hotel at Jacksonville, for a trip up and down the St. Johns River. This journey, the real object of the excursion, deserves special description.

None of the party had ever seen the St. Johns, and it is well to begin with a general view of the features of the river, even though it be only such as we could find in any book on physical geography.

It is wholly different from the other rivers of the South. It does not flow like them, yellow and turbid with the wash of barren shores. Its waters are of dark amber color, breaking into a bright golden hue beneath the wheels of the steamer. They flow or rather glide for over 300 miles between banks of perennial and almost unbroken green. For over sixty miles above Jacksonville it is a placid stream, varying in width from one to five miles—sometimes widening into great lagoons. There

are even within this distance few tokens of human life, or evidences of cultivation on its shores. Mandarin, 15 miles-Hibernia, 25 miles-Magnolia, 28 miles-Green Cove Springs, 30 miles-Tocoi, 53 miles-Pilatka, 75 miles, and a few insignificant wooding stations, are the only marks which man has made upon its shores up to the point where a few miles above Pilatka, the banks approach each other and crowd the waters into a narrow meandering stream, through which the steamer winds its way, beneath the overhanging branches of the palms and moss-hung oaks. Beyond Pilatka this amber river wanders at will through these walls of green, sometimes almost doubling upon itself, but keeping its general course due north, parallel with the shore of the Atlantic, of which it was probably once a part; and sometimes as at Lake George, and Lake Monroe, broadening into vast lagoons, irregular in shape, indented with lesser bays, but always lined with masses of perpetual verdure. And along the banks of this wonderful river so rich in wild natural beauty, wherever the evidences of human life are seen, we find the orange groves-small patches of green and gold upon the sunny slopes, easily observed as we glide along, from their sharp contrast with the lofty masses of palm and oak foliage behind them.

With this general view of the St. Johns, we begin our upward journey in the steamer City Point on her way from Charleston to Pilatka—our own part of her trip to extend only from Jacksonville to Green Cove Springs.

The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, Miss Helen Bacon, Miss Anne Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Baylis, Mr. and Mrs. Keasbey, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Dodd, Judge Schley and wife of Savannah, Mr. Kinney and Mr. Samuel S. Dennis. We were to be joined at Tocoi by Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, the mother and father of Mrs. Bishop.

Jacksonville lies at a sharp bend of the river, and as we leave the dock we could, with a glass, see the cottage of Mrs. Stowe at Mandarin, to which point the steamer made her way through the river, which is here so wide as to make the trip comparatively uninteresting. It is the proper beginning, however, of a river on which we are to sail two hundred miles.

As we approach Mandarin we see a sloping elevation about ten feet above the river, on which the natural forest has been partially cleared, leaving fine groves of oak and palmetto, interspersed with orange groves and gardens. Four or five neat houses stand facing the water, with lawns planted with orange trees, sloping to the water's edge. Among them stands conspicuous the dwelling of Mr. William King of Newark, and just south of that, the low gothic cottage of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe stands at the edge of a great grove of oaks and in the midst of a luxuriant orange grove. The house of Mr. Crane of Newark, is also seen north of Mr. King's on the river bank, shadowed also by a fine grove of Oak and Palm.

The burly form of Mr. King was seen upon the dock, and as

he caught a glimpse of the familiar Newark faces one by one, his hearty greeting gave us some notion of the dearth of society that must be suffered by the winter dwellers on the St. Johns.

We landed, and came very near being forcibly captured and carried off to his home.

We found also the two daughters of Mrs. Stowe upon the dock, to whom Mr. Dennis gave messages of remembrance to their mother. Then we steamed away to Hibernia, a few miles up the river, on the other side. This consists of a fine hotel in a grove upon the river bank—the resort of Philadelphians, some of whom, known to Mrs. Bacon, were on the dock to witness the great event of the day, the arrival of the steamer.

Next we land at Magnolia, which seems to be by general consent the choice spot on the river—a fine green lawn with groups of oak and orange trees and a background of forest—a large well-kept hotel, with twelve cottages along the river bank—and nothing more—no straggling village—no shops or cabins—nothing but a quiet, well appointed home, for the best people of the North seeking the health and beauty to be found abundantly along the shores of the St. Johns—but here, they think, existing in the greatest perfection.

But we were bound for Green Cove Springs, two miles above, around a wooded point, and there about sunset we landed with our luggage, to abide for the night.

Two vociferous colored gentlemen shouted the praises of the Clarendon and the Palmetto House, in a manner worthy of the

most populous city. We delivered our "small traps," as light articles of luggage are called, to the champion of the Clarendon and walked to that institution, making a very respectable procession. As we approached we passed a high fence surrounding a large enclosure in a ravine in front of the Hotel. The significant action of each nose of our procession as it passed this fence, gave token that it enclosed the famous Blue Sulphur Spring and the swimming baths appurtenant thereto. But just at this moment the question of lodging was more pressing than that of bathing to a body of nineteen travellers, and it soon appeared that the Clarendon could not accommodate all our party. Some were billeted upon the citizens of the village, for this is really a town in the Floridian sense, and three of the party, who have such a habit of hanging together through the whole trip that they are described as the man and two wiveswere sent to the Palmetto House, where they were joined by the single gentleman of the party. This turned out to be a most fortunate division of forces. The Palmetto is the old original pioneer house of this locality. Around it clustered all the sacred associations of this Bethesda. It was the first human dwelling through which the life-giving odors of sulphuretted hydrogen were wafted. Here the first crippled pilgrims to Green Cove nursed their rheumatic joints. Here first the broken down and conscience stricken editor, the dilapidated merchant, the seedy and extinct politician, the rickety railroad president, and the played-out lawyer, first sought refuge from

an ungrateful world and rejuvenation for their failing powers and tottering limbs. Here they dwelt in solitude, encircled by jungles and rattlesnakes, in the hope that by daily ablution in the clear blue waters of the spring, and by long inhalation of its sulphuretted fumes, they might, at last—

"Restore to wintry age The greenness of its spring."

Impressed with these hallowed associations, the supernumeraries of the Clarendon took up their "small traps" and wended their way to the Palmetto. It stands about 100 yards from the Clarendon, but just on the edge of a palmetto jungle. It is a low and unpretending structure, with a roof which has spread out on both sides so as to enclose the piazzas and make more room for guests. As we reached the gate the ladies broke into exclamations of delight, for here was a row of fine Orange trees in full bearing, growing so close to the house that as we stand on the upper piazza we can almost pluck the golden fruit. This is our first experience of Orange trees actually at hand, and our enthusiasm is worthy of the occasion. After tea we stood upon the balcony watching through the orange trees the lighting of the street lamps of Green Cove. It is done in novel fashion. Before each hotel a post is fixed in the ground about four feet high, on the top of which is fastened a shallow box about three feet square, covered with a layer of brick. Upon these a sable Vulcan builds up a cage of pine splinters, which he fills with fat pine knots. These he lights from below, and the flames shoot up brightly and burn merrily throughout the evening, bringing out the hotels and the cabins of the village in full relief against the sombre forest in the background. Around these street fires gather the youth of the village, piling on the pine knots, and dancing in the firelight like imps of darkness—interspersed with curious visitors, like spirits from some higher sphere.

Tea disposed of, and the watch-fires duly examined, the dwellers at the Clarendon came in couples to visit the outcasts of the Palmetto. They were received in the state room with gushing hospitality. In the absence of chairs enough, the two beds and the wood box furnished ample accommodation. The host succeeded, after a large combustion of old newspapers, in lighting a wood fire on the hearth, and then the company gave themselves up to merriment without restraint. Jokes and stories were the order of the evening. At a proper hour we sought our respective quarters through the town. After breakfast, Mr. Lewis B. Brown sent a wagon from the Magnolia Hotel, where he is spending the winter. He is the patriarch and founder of the place, and considers it the choice spot on the river—as in fact is the case with all the sojourners on the banks as to their respective localities.

Six of the party went to the Magnolia, a drive of about a mile through the woods, and took a hurried view of the Hotel and the cottages. They are admirably situated at a fine point on the river in a grove of lofty oaks, with a line of orange trees in front, and a broad lawn sloping to the river. The house is well kept and the company excellent. They are near enough to the spring to enjoy its healing virtues, and we are prepared, after our thorough exploration of the river, to agree that Mr. Brown has chosen the best point for a winter sojourn on the St. Johns.

The last hour of our stay at Green Cove was devoted to the It bubbles up from a ravine in front of the hotel—a rich volume of water at the temperature of 78°, glowing in the sunlight with prismatic colors, in which a light blue prevails, and flows through some buildings erected for bathing purposes. Going into a room and inquiring of a colored lady the necessary preparations for ablution, she replies, "pay me twenty-five cents and go through that door." These preliminaries adopted, we find ourselves in an open space, enclosed in a high board fence-where the clear blue water sparkles in the sun, showing the white sand at a depth of about four feet—the whole space being about 25×60 . Small dressing rooms line a platform, from which we descend to the bath. Here the gentlemen disported themselves, while the ladies sat outside, like Tantalus, at the source of the healing fluid, but unable to test its powers for want of bathing dresses.

At noon we boarded the Starlight in a body and endeavored to distribute ourselves among the quarters assigned to us. There were only ten rooms reserved for twenty people, including Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, who were to get on at Tocoi, and the lone woman aforesaid. Each room had two shelves called berths, and standing room for two. A careful consideration of the problem thus suggested in all its bearings, will lead inevitably to the conclusion that two of these must be left out in the cold. The gentleman with two wives contributed to the solution by bundling them both together, and marking out his own place of rest between the legs of the dining table, and the whole matter was afterwards settled by Mr. Tomlinson pre-empting the other two legs of the same table. Then we were ready to behold and enjoy the beauties of the river, and to keep a sharp look-out for alligators.

We stop at Picolata, a small and forlorn station not yet patronized by pleasure seekers, and then at Tocoi, where the train starts for St. Augustine—then at Pilatka, 75 miles from Jacksonville. Of these places we will speak on our downward way. Some miles beyond Pilatka the river becomes narrower, and the scenery finer, but widens again at Lake George, through the broad and shallow waters of which we sail for sixteen miles.

At ten o'clock a strange light is seen upon the starboard, gleaming alone upon the still water, and near it as we approach we discern a dark object, which at daylight we discover to be a hogshead anchored to a stake in three feet of water. This is Volusia bar, a belt of sand drifted across the mouth of the river as it broadens into the lake. We were destined to become

very familiar with this locality. Just after our company had for the most part curled themselves up in their several boxes, we felt the steamer grind upon the sand between the light and the barrel. She pushed and plunged in vain effort to get over. She backed and pegged away at what might prove a softer spot. But it was "no go." She stuck obstinately. Being heavily loaded and drawing over four feet, she could not float in three feet of water. She kept up a brave struggle, however, through the long hours of the night. The two gentlemen whose staterooms were under the table, sought their downy couches about midnight, and left the boat in charge of Mrs. Bishop and the captain. But just then the water in the boilers gave out, and they started a donkey engine directly under the floor. It pumped and wheezed and rattled and shook. The boat cracked and shivered in its vain efforts to sail upon sand, and these two outsiders, not being accustomed to such a lullaby, forsook their pillows and turned in to help Mrs. Bishop and the Captain "boost" the boat over the bar. But there she stuck, "till daylight did appear," and long after that. When the sleepers turned out one by one, they rubbed their eyes and saw the same old barrel and the lamp on a stick, burning in a sickly manner in the light of the morning. They had heard such a furious commotion in the machinery during the night that they fondly imagined that we were steaming on through the forest lined river and had passed into Lake Monroe, upon which lies Enterprise, the end of our course. But by this time

Mrs. Bishop had resigned her command in despair, and all her blandishments had failed to keep the Captain in good humor. To all inquiries of the passengers he gave some surly answer, and the best information we could get was that in the course of the season some freshet might come and raise the river, or some other boat might come along and tug us off—or we might find a scow and put five or six tons of passengers ashore and diminish the draught so that she would float. With these encouraging assurances we sat down to breakfast.

Time will not permit of a description of a breakfast on the Starlight, stuck on a sand bar, and if it did, there is not genius enough in the party to do the subject justice. If a bluer party ever sat down to a more beggarly breakfast, than the Great Southern Excursion Party on the 14th of March, 1874, on Volusia bar, we would like to see an account of it by a writer equal to the task.

But all troubles have an end—all sand bars yield to patient pushing by Yankee steamboats. Just as we thought that our boilers were fast diminishing the lake by drinking it up, and burning up all the combustibles on board, except the grease in which they fry their food, she bumped over the bar and was off. We don't know how—even Mrs. Bishop could not explain. By some mysterious agency, or by some convulsion of nature, the sand shrank or the waters rose, and away we sailed.

A few minutes after we were stuck again, but with a last convulsive lunge, she fairly floated in deep water and ploughed her way to the narrow mouth of the river. A wonderful change came over the party. It was only ten o'clock, and we were now to enter upon the most beautiful part of the river, in the light of one of the loveliest days that could be found in any clime or season. The only result of our twelve hours on the sand bar was to reveal a blessing in disguise. We were to traverse the finest part of the river up and down by day, without increasing the time of the round trip. We simply stood still at the sand bar instead of the dock at Enterprise. The ladies were fresh and radiant. The Captain cleared the sulky clouds from his face and took Mrs. Bishop into his councils once more. It was generally agreed that the very best way to sail up the St. Johns is to stick for twelve hours on a sand bar in Lake George. The boat passed into the winding aisles of the river, overarched with foliage and pendant moss, and plied her devious way through ever-changing curves, sometimes slowly swinging so as just to graze the banks, and to allow us to pluck a palm leaf from the shore, and then veering off to strike her course to the line of the next curve. We all took our places on the decks at either end and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the dreamy beauty of the scene. Mile after mile-hour after hour-curve after curve, through endless lanes of living green, and through little verdant islands, floating on the dark water --with the winding path of the stream through the vast fields of verdure marked out for us in advance by the double lines of palms and oaks which grow to greater height along the opposite banks—with herons, cranes and eagles swooping over the forest or skimming over the water surface—with sudden surprises where the narrow river spread out into little lakes or formed some nook or bower of moss hung foliage, presenting some feature of peculiar natural beauty, or perhaps showing by an orange grove and group of cabins, some tokens of the work of man attempting to make some slight impression on this vast wilderness of growth.

Upon this scene, ever shifting, yet ever the same, we sit and gaze hour after hour as the lazy, silent boat glides on mile after mile upon the narrow liquid path cut through this pathless forest so lately lifted from the sea. Is it monotonous? Yes, if monotony is sameness, for here through all the hours of a long day is one unbroken sameness of palm and oak, orange and magnolia, swinging their mossy arms over a slender thread of dark water that winds along by endless curves on its slow way to the Atlantic. But not monotonous, if that means tiresome from reiteration, for all day long we gaze and exchange exclamations of delight. At every turn we see new beauties, and call attention to them as if they were really new. Yet if we stop to criticise, they are found to be only what we have seen all day, with only some delicate new touch of color or form which gives a fresh sensation of delight, and makes what seems a scene of unvarying sameness, a source of ever changing pleasure. But this summer glamour of the St. Johns must not beguile us into the sentimental vein. Let us turn our attention to alligators. These are much abused beasts. In their natural element, sprawling at ease in these lazy waters, where for thousands of years their ancestors have been undisturbed in their sylvan security, they glide as did their forefathers up the slimy edge of the stream into some sunny verdurous nook, where they take their siesta and revel in undisturbed repose—little dreaming of Northern tourists, and having no knowledge of villanous saltpetre. Such was the happy condition of alligators in by-gone days. But alas! all is changed. Now a murderous looking Yankee sits by the taffrail holding a cocked gun, glaring with fiendish eyes into the green borders—losing all consciousness of the beauty of the river in his insane desire to pepper the hide of an alligator with his buckshot.

As soon as we got the first glimpse of the scaly back of one of these innocent reptiles, we heard the bang of this Yankee blunderbuss, and before we could observe his proportions or see the play of his "horrid jaws," away he sprawled into the sedge —while the Yankee coolly loaded his piece, no more impressed with the maledictions of the ladies, than the reptile was with the buckshot.

In this manner many of the ladies were compelled to strain their necks in vain to catch their first view of an alligator; and on one occasion, at a sharp alarm of a ten footer, one whose eyes had not yet been blessed by the sight, sprang from her seat and came rushing to the other side, was only saved from tumbling down the open hatchway by falling into the arms of

Mr. R. H. Lamborn—a most agreeable gentleman who joined us at Green Cove, and who will have further mention in this recital. At this point the patience of the party was exhausted and it was determined to take strong measures with the Yankee disturber of reptile serenity. We resolved to discharge upon the him a volley of strong language, and we fixed upon our Editor as the person best qualified by calling and practice for such an emergency. Although he discharged this painful duty in his best style, it must be confessed that it had no perceptible effect upon his hide, which was harder than the alligator's and he peppered away all day, even taking the precaution to get his wife to hold his gun cocked, when he wanted to move his position. May the maledictions of all tourists and the wrath of all the reptiles in Florida follow him who perverts the manly art of the sportsman by shooting alligators in their innocent afternoon slumbers on the banks of the St. Johns.

And now, having stopped at Volusia and bought some feathers and other souvenirs of the forest and the sea from Mrs. Langren, formerly from Burlington, New Jersey, who thus supports her sick husband in an humble house in this secluded spot—we pass at sunset into the broad waters of Lake Monroe, on which stands Enterprise—the end of our river journey—so named, we infer, from the daring character of those enterprising spirits who first invaded the solitude of this primeval wilderness of green. But Enterprise is not yet reached, for Lake Monroe is a vast sheet of water some ten miles wide and twenty miles

long, and out from its southern shore line still runs the St. Johns through still more tropical forests until it reaches its source in the Everglades, yet untrodden by human foot. For miles we steam away across this Lake, past Sanford to Mellonville, which we reached at sunset. It seems idle to attempt to linger in any further description of the strange beauty of this river, but it has a marvellous fascination, and as we sail into the broad lake we gaze back through the soft light of sunset and seek to peer again into the narrow gateway of green from which we had just emerged. What is the spell by which it binds us? It is not a sudden attack of sentimentality seizing the sober chonicler of these incidents, for it is thrown upon all alike. Nothing avails to break its force. Grounding on a sand-barnarrow shelves for beds-stifling rooms, execrable food-tourists with guns, "making a nuisance of the blessed air"-all these have no effect, nor would a hundred other personal discomforts have any influence to disturb the charm of this simple thread of amber water wandering through the sylvan solitudes of Florida. What is the spell? We cannot say. There are no mountain summits, no quiet valleys-no glens or dells or waterfalls-no massive piles of art or nature-none of the usual features which combine to make the fine landscape for painter or poet; nothing but palms and oaks and tangled vines, and wild wreaths of swaying moss, and banks of floating verdureall spread out upon a level plain along the borders of a winding

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stream—repeated endlessly for a hundred miles, and basking in the changing light of a Florida March day.

Shaking off then the spell of this fascinating river as an inscrutable mystery, we come down to sober facts as to the surroundings of Lake Monroe. Before reaching Mellonville we pass a tract of 10,000 acres on the west shore of the lake, purchased within the present month by Mr. William Astor of New York, a son of William B. Astor. On the Starlight we found a man who was on his way to the place to build a cabin for his habitation and to take charge of the property—a bronzed and wiry man of forty, blunt of speech, intelligent and sturdy—the figure of a hardy pioneer. He was about to plant an outpost of civilization, and with his axe and briar-hook to make the first mark of human labor upon this primitive forest, and to take the first step in the wilderness that will lead at last to orange groves and pleasant homes. It is a brave work. The same that has peopled a continent and joined the two oceans, and we wish the hardy fellow God-speed as we leave him on the dock at Mellonville.

At Sanford, two miles north of Mellonville, where the boat does not touch, we see the new town, founded by Hon. Henry S. Sanford, late minister to Belgium, who has bought a large tract and is engaged in extensive improvements, planting large orange groves and making various experiments in agriculture suited to the latitude. The tall spire of the new Episcopal Church shows finely against the dark pines beyond.

We touch at Mellonville, which is on the site of old Fort Mellon, and has quite a busy air for a Florida settlement. In the purple haze that follows sunset, we sail across the lake to Enterprise, where we tie up for the night, keeping our berths on the steamer, the Hotel being full.

We all walked up to the Hotel, past a fine orange grove, which has made Enterprise oranges famous. The clerk at the desk had oranges for sale, and we all put pockets and shawls into service and marched back to the boat staggering under our load of yellow fruit. At Toccoa, on the mountain summits of North-eastern Georgia, where these words happen to be written, beside a roaring pine fire, the last two specimens of this golden spoil adorn the rough table of the Lecroy Hotel.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, March 15th, we begin our journey down the St. Johns. This was a Sunday long to be remembered—it should have for all of us the brightest Golden Number in the Calendar. We said that Saturday, when we sailed up the river, was the loveliest day that could be found in any clime or country, but then this Sunday had not dawned. When its sunset found us in the broad waters of the river above Pilatka, we unanimously resolved that the Sundays of all ages and climes must yield the palm to our Palm Sunday on the St. Johns. Though not strictly Palm Sunday by the calendar, it was so in fact for us, and we will have two Palm Sundays in this year's calendar.

When breakfast was disposed of, the travellers arranged

themselves in groups on the decks at either end of the boat for the sober enjoyment suited to the day. At Mellonville we took up Mr. Lamborn, who had spent the night there and had taken a morning's scamper on horseback through Sanford, and was thus ready to furnish us with fresh and reliable information as to the progress of improvement in that region. By this and his graphic accounts of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, of which he is the Vice President, he contributed much to the pleasure of the day.

Soon we entered again within the green walls of the river, and then sailed dreamily along all day. We are tempted to make another vain effort to retain by description for others, some picture of the loveliness of a day on the upper St. Johns, but the repetition would have all the sameness of the stream itself, and would not be saved from monotony, as the river is by its ever-changing beauty. Although we could not go to church, there was ample space, and full inspiration for worship in the lofty aisles and verdant arches through which we swept all day in the soft light of a Florida Sunday.

One grateful fact should be noted. The Yankee before mentioned, truer to the traditions of his locality than to the precepts of humanity, put away his blunderbuss, and left the alligators to repose upon their "slides" with a gravity of demeanor suited to the day. This exemplary observance of the Sabbath on his part, was hailed with great satisfaction by the ladies, some of whom sat spell-bound for hours, peering into the green borders

in search of sleeping reptiles, announcing their discoveries with a zeal that had a tendency to disturb the reveries of those who were entranced by the beauty of the other features of the river.

We arrived at Pilatka about seven in the evening, and remained there for the night. Some sought the Hotel, but found no room, and after a pleasant evening on the boat, we turned into our quarters for an early start in the morning.

Directly opposite, to Pilatka is the finest orange grove in Florida. Although the boat was to leave at seven o'clock, an enterprising gentleman of the party forsook his berth at half-past five, and having roused two ladies, went into the town to wake up a boatman. At six o'clock the three were sailing across the river in the light of a morning worthy to follow such a Sunday, and soon they were actually gathering oranges with their own hands from the trees. They came back loaded with fruit, as the spies of Moses came from Eschol bearing the grapes from the promised land. They stopped at a beautiful place on the Pilatka side of the river, formerly the residence of Judge Bronson, late U. S. District Judge of Florida, and were again upon the deck of the Starlight just as she was ready to move.

At ten o'clock, we landed at Tocoi, the terminus of the famous railroad from the St. Johns to St. Augustine. Here we were destined to spend four hours—not by reason of any accidental delay, but by a regular arrangement prompted by prudent foresight on the part of the Railroad Company. The plan is to

converge all the boats plying on the river up and down, during the first half of the day, and discharge their passengers and their baggage from each boat upon the desolate sands, until they accumulate sufficiently to fill up all the cars and cattle vans belonging to the company, and then move them in a body by mule power, like a caravan of the desert.

Tocoi has this advantage over many cities of the world—that as you stand upon the dock you can obtain a complete view of all its buildings, public and private. We will therefore furnish a full inventory of them. On the left of the main and only street stand the two hotels-the first a two story building of boards, combining the uses of a hotel, a railroad depot, and the company's offices—the other a one story structure of similar architecture, with a neat vine covered porch, standing about a hundred yards up the street, and commended most lustily by a colored gentleman as the best house in the place. On the other side of the street stands a tumble down old shed, used perhaps for a freight house, and the ghastly skeleton of a defunct dummy engine, which was once put in use on the road, until it was found that steam was too stimulating for the nerves of the ancient President and employés of the road, and that dangerous mode of locomotion was abandoned, and the machine was allowed to rust by the roadside as a warning against the use of new-fangled Yankee inventions. These are the structures which compose the City of Tocoi. But we cannot forget to add that we could see through the woods, hard by, some glimpses of two

other white houses, which were soon to cause a happy change in our impressions, and to make Tocoi one of the brighest spots on the St. Johns.

As we marched up the landing, some acquaintances on the boat shouted after us their doleful congratulations upon the prospect of four hours on the platform "waiting for the wagon," but we went bravely and grimly to our fate. The ladies planted themselves in a shady spot along the edge of the platform and went stubbornly to work to kill four hours, in the style of quiet determination peculiar to the gentler sex. The gentlemen, less heroic, after exhausting all the resources of the city, finding no bar for refreshment—no road fit for running a race—no boy to shine their boots—no papers of this or any other morning—and being mostly too heavy or lazy to play leap-frog—betook themselves to the last resort of small boys at a recess—namely, pitching pennies. This diversion proved a great success, especially to Mr. Bishop, who "raked the pool."

But just as these resources were becoming exhausted, a wonderful change came over our destinies at Tocoi—a change which
seemed magical as that produced by the slipper of Cinderella.
A gentleman appeared and very politely invited the whole party
to his house. We could scarcely understand the meaning of
such a summons, under the circumstances, but it was soon explained that the gentleman was Captain Westcott, late of the
U. S. Navy, brother of Dr. Westcott, the President of the St.
Augustine Railroad Company, and that the houses of which we

had seen glimpses through the trees, were occupied by them. One the gentlemen of the party was acquainted with the Captain and had called on him, which resulted in his courteous invitation. So we walked through the grove to a gate, which admitted us to a well kept garden, enclosing a very plain one story building of boards with a pleasant vine clad porch, and a door hospitably open, in which stood a lady waiting to receive us. The first glance revealed to us an abode of taste and cultivation -an oasis in the desert of Tocoi. The lady was Miss Westcott, the sister of the two gentlemen mentioned, and also of Mr. James D. Westcott, formerly Senator from Florida. The house was that of Dr. Westcott, the President of the road. We were ushered into a room opening upon the piazza, with a fine view of the river through a grove of oaks. It was utterly plain -without a touch of architectural ornament-but in every line and feature was that indescribable air of refinement and taste which marks the dwelling of the cultured woman wherever it may be found. Pictures, piano, books, music, flowers, ornaments—these arranged with the grace that follows the hand of a lady into whatever wilderness she may be led, transformed this Tocoi cabin into a genuine Southern home. Here we spent one of our dreaded hours in pleasant conversation about mutual friends, and the war scenes in Florida, of which Miss Westcott, who lived in the State during the war, had many things to tell. Then we went over to the house of Captain Westcott through beds of flowers bordered with pine cones, and showing the

same delicate touches of taste that adorned the house. Mrs. Westcott welcomed us to the ample piazza in the shadow of a magnificent grove of oaks and magnolias, sloping to the river. Then came music, Mrs. W. being a very fine singer, and then a walk over the lawn to some fine orange trees near the river, from which all the party were invited to pluck at pleasure—a privilege of which we availed ourselves with the glee of children and the zest of novices. The oranges were wild, however, and the next thing in order was to carry them to the house and have them made into orangeade, which was soon served to us by a little Hebe in ebony, dressed in emerald green, assisted by a wee little black and tan terrier, which seemed to be wild with delight at seeing such a goodly company break the accustomed solitude of the premises. By this time we began to wonder why the railroad company should make such insane haste to get us away from Tocoi. We had scarcely time to visit the "big trees," to which Miss Westcott and her neice, Miss Miller, offered to conduct us. But determined to miss nothing of this unexpected pleasure, we made up a party for a walk through the woods. We had no knowledge of what or where the big trees were, but we knew that a stroll through a Florida forest with two agreeable ladies on that charming day, could not fail to be enjoyed. It was enjoyed to the utmost, and yet it was little, compared with the scene which we found at the end of our walk-the big trees which we came to visit. But since this designation gives no definite notion of the scene of

which they formed but one marked feature, it is necessary to describe it in some detail. Passing out from the woods we come into a tract of some thirty acres still finely wooded, not indiscriminately as in the natural forest that surrounds it, but with noble oaks and magnolias arranged in majestic groups, with vistas opening upon the broad river. The soil shows traces of a fine lawn, long neglected, and strewn with leaves and branches where lying they fell. But at first view no vestige of a human dwelling appears. We walk to the bluff and find a bold rounded promontory, commanding one of the finest views on the river. Some traces of ruined steps lead to a smooth beach of white sand at the foot, and some ragged piles still standing in the stream, point out the line of a dock that once led to a boat house. On a sunny point to the left jutting out into the river, stands a large orange grove evidently suffering from want of care.

> "O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear, A sense of mystery, the spirit daunted."

Turning back from the bank we look more closely for some explanation of the "sense of mystery" that hangs over the scene. Almost in the centre of the space stand the "big trees." One is a noble oak, fairly embraced and interwound with the folds of a gigantic vine, whose root is almost as large as the tree itself, and whose branches lock its topmost limbs in their coils. The other is the largest oak in Florida—it seems like

three huge oaks locked in a close embrace—four ladies standing around its trunk could not touch each other's hands. It required, thirty paces to walk close around it, and they must be made with care in order to step over its great knarled roots, and its huge branches parting from the trunk not far from the ground, spread straight and far over the lawn, hung with deep funereal wreaths of moss as if in mourning for those who had once sported in its shade—for this was the home of Col. Richard Floyd.

- "Here groups of merry children played,
- "Here youths and maidens dreaming strayed."

Just back of the "big trees." in the centre of the lawn, stands a tottering old summer house,—a crumbling remnant of an ample fire-place,—and some scraps of bricks and mortar, sole relics of the house which was once the centre of this lovely scene, and the abode of wealth and happiness. In that house Miss Wescott told us, she had spent some of the happiest days of her life. This is the story of its downfall as she related it on the spot. Col. Floyd, a man of wealth and literary and musical tastes lived here until the opening of the war. Then, being an enthusiastic advocate of secession, he deserted the house as it stood, and leaving the property, embracing a tract of 1200 acres in the care of a faithful old slave named March, he went to take his part in the strife, and died before its close.

Old March stood loyally by the homestead. The Union lines soon embraced it,—the blast of war swept over it. There was

no master to defend, or mistress to shield it by her presence. It was a waif—the spoil alike of friend and foe. Piece by piece it vanished. It was not consumed by fire or demolished by shells, but simply melted and crumbled away until its site is scarcely marked upon the soil. When the Union troops were about to occupy it, old March gathered up the silver, and most portable articles of value, and buried them near the house, and mounted guard over the grave. When the soldiers came he saw one poking his bayonet suspiciously about his treasures, and at midnight he stole to the spot, and digging them out, carried them to the woods and buried them anew in a secluded place, which he never revealed until the son of his dead master returned, "when the cruel war was over," and then he guided him to the woods and surrendered his trust. He was just in time to save them, for the same prying soldier found the soft spot the next day and eagerly dug for the expected spoil, only to find that he was too late. And as a sequel to the story, we learned that within the last six months poor old March, whose only failing, in advancing years, was taking a drop too much, got into a quarrel with another man and was shot dead.

And now within a week the whole Floyd estate was sold by the widow to a speculator for \$4,500, and the fine river front is divided into lots for sale. The homestead site, with the big tree, is in the market for \$8,000. If it shall again ring with the music of a new bome, and be the abode of those who can enjoy it in more fortunate and peaceful times, they will have

one of the loveliest spots on this beautiful river, and they should erect on the site of that buried treasure a monument in memory of faithful old March. As we heard this history, it seemed strange and sad indeed that the bitter surges of our great war should have spread so far as to engulf this secluded home down in the solitude of the St. Johns.

Miss Westcott told us that within a few months she had taken Mr. Bryant to see the "big trees," and told him their melancholy story. It seemed to us that he must have found a poem there,—The Dirge of the House of Floyd.

Impressed with the sad beauty of the "big trees" and their history, we walked along the bank of the river and over an old Indian mound to the house of our kind host-and then to the rough hotel at Tocoi Landing. Here, the primitive dinner, with pine boards for table and boxes for seats, and the bustle of preparation for our caravan journey, made so sharp a contrast to our experience for the last two hours, that we could scarcely believe it had not been all a dream. Cinderella's slipper was gone. We were weary travellers again, "waiting for the wagon" at Tocoi. At two o'clock the wagons came-three old street cars, each drawn by two horses or mules, tandem. In these we rushed with frantic haste, for there were too many travellers for the seats. We did not allow the old load time to get out, but piled promiscuously in. Goers and comers with their small traps seemed inextricably mixed. But at last they shook themselves apart, and onward we crawled across the strip

of sand and swamp that separates the St. Johns from the Atlantic. Certainly for those who have travelled fifteen hundred miles in a palace car, this Railroad train from Tocoi is a striking picture. Three horse-cars packed within and without, and a luggage van following—the crowd upon the top of the car shielded with umbrellas, toiling on over wooden rails during a three hours' journey of fifteen miles, through pine forests, magnolia swamps and groves of wild oranges.

In this land of railroads, this road is unique. It naturally forms a favorite subject of conversation to beguile the journey. Dr. Westcott, the President, plants himself on a chair in front of the car and enters into the subject heartily. He meets every objection with decisive arguments to show that this mode of locomotion is not only the sole mode possible for this region, but ought to be generally introduced throughout the country. He demonstrates that the Pennsylvania Railroad is an antiquated concern, and when we thought we had cornered him on the subject of fares, he made his finest stroke of argument, by asserting that this was the cheapest road in the country, for the reason that on the best Northern road you can take, you must pay about three dollars for three hours' travel, whereas, here, he carries us three hours for two dollars, and often throws in an extra hour without further charge.

We have traveled in our trip on all sorts of roads, sometimes by regular and often by special trains—but here we have both combined, for it is in every sense a special and peculiar train, and it is also thoroughly regular, embracing the entire rolling and walking stock of the company, vibrating with solemn regularity between the only stations of the road. At the end of three hours the train stops. No brakes are needed, and no shock is experienced. No motive power is under better control than that of the Tocoi Railroad. No persuasion is needed to bring the Florida mule to a stand-still. The end of the railroad is reached, but not the end of the journey. It is against the city ordinances to run trains through the streets of St. Augustine with mule power. So about a mile from the town we are unpacked from the horse cars and repacked into omnibuses, and soon deposited at the St. Augustine Hotel.





ST. AUGUSTINE.

UR party was so thoroughly disintegrated at St. Augustine, that it is scarcely possible to relate any incidents of our common experience, and as this record is not designed to form a part of any Florida Hand-book, it is not within its purpose to enter into details of the wonders of the old town, or any directions for invalids. Although we had telegraphed a week in advance to the St. Augustine Hotel inquiring if they could accommodate us, and had received an affirmative reply, we found on our arrival that they had not a room in the house. Their idea of accommodation was to distribute us promiscuously around the town within a circuit of half a mile. We soon found that our only motto must be, every man and wife for themselves, and our little company for the first time disbanded, and hunted for lodgings in couples. Some found refuge in the Florida House, where all would have been welcomed if we had advised them in time. Some found pleasant boarding houses, and some stayed at the St. Augustine. Yet all enjoyed St. Augustine, and if it were permissible to indulge in the relation of certain individual experiences, we could fill many pages with our recollections of this quaint old city, which bears in its streets, its houses, its old fort and gateway, in the old church of St Joseph, whose bell tolls almost daily for some one dead, and in the swarthy faces of many of its people, the impress of a foreign power and the traces of an alien race.

But we will strictly confine this chronicle to its simple purpose as a record of the incidents of travel common to our party, and this brings us to the parapets of old Fort San Marco at 4 P.M. March 17th, where we assembled to hear a concert by a fine military band-a select ticket concert, which brought together a large assemblage of the best visitors and citizens. St Patrick's Day at our American San Marco! Looking down upon the old town which was fought for with such fierce rivalry by Spaniard and Huguenot, Indian and British buccaneer, before the landing of the Pilgrims; looking westward upon the great pine forests which shut off this little city on a sand bar; from the vast country to which it has at last been permanently bound; looking Eastward across a long line of breakers upon the same ocean upon which the savages descried the ships of Don Pedro Menandez coming from the old world to found St. Augustine about 300 years ago; standing on the roof of what is claimed to be an old dungeon of the Inquisition; reading the crumbling inscriptions carved

by the Spaniards on these old walls, now mounted with Union cannon; listening to wild tales of former strife and persecution and to music from a U. S. Military band; greeting Northern friends and Southern citizens in this strange winter watering place; and basking in the softest summer sun, and fanned by cooling breezes from the sea,—surely this forms a striking contrast to the St. Patrick's day of our common life, usually marked only by a Broad Street procession of the friendly sons of St. Patrick, tramping to the piping of a March wind.

We left St. Augustine on Wednesday, March 18th, at 11 A.M., for Jacksonville. Beautiful and strange as it is, we do not wish to stay. It may be very well to have the mercury at 90° in March, tempered by cool sea breezes, but we really begin to wish that we could be forced on turning some corner to snatch at our hats to save them from being carried off by one of our homely March blusters.

Roses are very pretty in March, but then they are just as pretty and perhaps more fragrant in June. And we suspect that when our grass is greenest and our flowers brightest, a few weeks hence, this old seaside city will find its beauty faded, and its narrow streets quite wide enough for all who want to use them. Besides, there was to our fancy, a suggestion of disease and death about the place. We could not avoid thinking that but for invalids the place would scarcely exist, or would be cut off from the world by its impassable inlet on the east, and the Tocoi railroad on the west. And moreover, we were sad-

dened by the information we received at Tocoi of the death of Mr. Philip J. Ryall, a Jerseyman, well known to most of us, and also one of the most estimable and useful citizens of St. Augustine, where he had resided for several years. We found him lying dead at his beautiful house, and our good friends, Dr. Conover and his wife, mourning the loss of the husband of their only daughter. And as we passed the Cathedral on our arrival, its bell was tolling for the dead, and a funeral train was moving through its door. Again, as we rode to the depot for our homeward journey, a dead soldier was borne upon a gun carriage, wrapped in the folds of the Union Flag, on his journey to his final home. So we creep away from St. Augustine in the same old horse cars, and soon, after kind advices from Miss Westcott, who brought to the depot some tender little orange trees of her own planting, to be raised at the North in memory of Tocoi, we are again afloat on the St. Johns.

Before turning Northward we must indulge in an episode, and relate a romance of Fort San Marco. That it is a true story of real life, is rendered certain by the fact that it was told by a very intelligent gentleman, whose ancestors were old Spanish residents of St. Augustine, to a reliable lady of our company, who related it to the veracious compiler of this history, who tells the tale as told to him.

THE ROMANCE OF SAN MARCO.

"Once upon a time," the date of these events being unknown -Commodore Hawkins fell into a quarrel with another gentleman residing at St. Augustine, which resulted in a duel. They fought first with swords and were both wounded, but their wrath and honor were not satisfied, and they fought again with pistols. Com. Hawkins had determined to kill his antagonist, and being a dead shot, resolved to await his enemy's fire, and in case he was not fatally disabled, to shoot him with deliberate aim. the first fire the Commodore was shot through one leg, but steadying himself on the other, he aimed his pistol at the heart of his opponent and fired. It was without effect and Hawkins fell disabled. But he protested to his second, as he lay, that his aim had been true and that his antagonist must have been in some manner mailed against the shot. He insisted on an examination on the spot. The other second recognizing the justice of this demand under the code of honor, required that his principal should submit to it. The inspection took place and revealed three folds of heavy black silk wrapped about the body, and a red spot directly over the heart, showing how true to its mark the Commodore's ball had sped. The smooth silk had turned it from its fatal course. The wounded Commodore, furious with rage at being balked of his revenge in this cowardly fashion, was carried to his house in St. Augustine. Directly

across one of its narrow streets dwelt his enemy. As soon as his wound was dressed and his attendants had left him, he crawled to the window with his rifle and awaited the appearance of his foe; soon he saw him take his seat at the window with his wife, and resting his weapon on the window, he shot him dead. He then sent word to the authorities and surrendered himself to such justice as might be meted out for such a deed in those chivalrous days. He was imprisoned in the old Fort, in the dungeon now shown to visitors on the left of the entrance. The popular voice applauded his exploit, especially that of the ladies of the town. Why should such a dastard live? And why should a gentleman be punished for vindicating his own honor, and the highest principles of chivalry? So the Commodore remained in prison, but no indictment could be obtained against him. But this was a poor tribute to the champion of the manly code of the duello, and it was resolved to bestow upon him a mark of honor worthy of his prowess. In pursuance of this design, the ladies of the city arranged to give him a prison serenade, and on a beautiful evening they assembled on the sea wall, close under the walls of his dungeon, and beguiled his weary hours by their music. The most beautiful girl and best singer among them, sang "The Captive" in the most melodious strain. It bound him with new fetters, and the prisoner was captivated in a double sense. He begged to be informed the name of his sweet consoler, but she was invisible to him, and the ladies had insisted on a strict incog. He then

requested to be allowed to give a ball in his prison quarters, which was accorded as a reasonable relaxation for such a hightoned criminal. He invited all the ladies of the place, including the sweet singer. He received his guests in state and did the honors in princely style. After all the guests were assembled. he approached his lovely serenader and thanked her for her song. She blushed, expressed surprise and made the proper protestations—but he assured her that he could not forget the tones of such a voice, borne to him through prison bars. Such tender words, breathing true spirit of the fine old days of chivalry, could not be resisted, and the lady in turn became a captive to the Commodore. They were married in the prison in his cell. Thus did justice at last overtake the Commodore. It must be assumed that it was considered to be the proper retribution for his feat of arms, for he was soon released from confinement, 'and they lived happy ever after.'

At the station at St. Augustine we were compelled to leave a very important portion of our party—Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who for some mysterious reason, determined to desert at this point. They gave no plausible excuse, but simply remained behind, enamored of the Southern charms, and determined to wander at will along the Gulf coast until driven Northward by the heats of Summer.

Somewhere amidst the mountains of North Carolina, we re-

ceived from them a telegram, couched in insane and unintelligible language, saying, as nearly as we could make it out, that they would come North in about six weeks, and asking us to wait for them at Petersburg.





HOMEWARD BOUND.

N OUR arrival at Jacksonville in the evening of March 18th, we found special invitations from the officers of the Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile Railroad and the Florida Central, for the party to visit Tallahassee. Col. Walker, of the former Company, and Col. Papy, of the latter, were awaiting us at the St. James, and were most kind and urgent in their appeals that we should so far extend our trip as to go with them to the Capital, assuring us that all preparations were made to take us to Tallahassee and to give us a cordial reception. But the time for turning Northward had come, and we were obliged to decline.

We found the St. James crowded with guests, so much so that some of the party were compelled to seek lodgings in neighboring houses. In one of these we found a tall thin man with a long beard, the master of the house, who provided kindly for our comfort, and then introduced himself as Mr. Robinson, which name

conveyed little information. But when he added the name of Solon, we recognized the old Agricultural corespondent of the Tribune, and found that he had been living in Jacksonville for seven years. He proved to be a very entertaining host, and gave us some graphic sketches of life in Florida and the changes that have occurred during the past few years. We heard from others a story which he did not tell. Some years ago a robber came to enter his house in the middle of the night, and was heard by some of the family, working at one of the outside doors. Solon got up and seized his rifle, and stole quietly down. stood at the door and listened—only the thin pine panel separating him from the burglar, who was engaged in boring a hole near the lock. He waited quietly till the auger came through and was withdrawn, and still waited till the robber began to bore another hole. Then he placed the muzzle of his gun directly over the hole and fired. When he opened the door the man was gone, but in the morning his dead body was found in the woods near by.

We spent Thursday in Jacksonville, in preparations for our homeward course.

At our first visit some of the party had called upon Governor Hart, whose wife is the sister of a Newark lady. He was in ill health, but received us very cordially, and gave us some vivid sketches of life in Florida during the war. But his life was not to be as long as our trip up the river, for on our return we found him dead, and the city engaged in preparation for a State funeral.

During the day we dispersed through this busy, Yankee-looking city, purchasing curiosities, visiting the Colored Normal School—the Free School for Whites—the new Church which Bishop Young is building—and other objects of interest, and preparing for life upon the rail again.

In the evening there was a grand hop at the St. James, with all the features of our Summer life at Long Branch and Saratoga.

On Friday, March 20, at eight o'clock, we found ourselves once more in our familiar quarters in the car. We returned to it with great pleasure, for throughout the entire trip our traveling home has been the scene of the most genuine enjoyment. Our long absence had made us homesick, and we greeted Charles and Ben with great enthusiasm.

Our Commissary entered upon his duties with renewed vigor, and, with the advantage of the markets of Jacksonville, he provided for us a dinner of such unusual excellence, that the whole party tendered him a special vote of thanks. Perhaps our gratitude was heightened by the memory of the meals we en dured upon the Starlight.

And now we rolled away Northward, not over the road by which we had come, but diverging toward the West through Georgia, by Albany, Macon and Atlanta. We reverted naturally to our old employments and the regular diversions of carlife, with little of external interest to diversify the day.

As we crossed river after river, one of the ladies noted down

their curious Indian names, which may be recorded as a lesson in geography. They were, Ogeechee, Altamaha, Satilla, Suwanee, Alapaha, Ocopilco, Withlacoochee, Piscola, Ouacilla, Oklocknee, and Thronateeska, or Flint River.

As we passed again the Suwanee, Ben left his culinary duties and sang the old song, "Way down on the Suwanee River," in his best style. As we rolled through the quiet villages of that remote region, our magnificent equipment caused great excitement among the sleepy natives. At one way station a gentleman appeared and made a formal presentation of flowers to the ladies, which was suitably acknowledged.

It should not be forgotton that Col. Screven joined us on the way and accompanied us to Albany—renewing the kind attentions he had lavished on us at Savannah. Our ride extended far into the night, and hour after hour we passed through the vast pine forests—or turpentine farms as they are called, some of them on fire.

We reached Albany at midnight, and were to leave at one in the afternoon. Before that hour, we were waited on by Col. Teft, the founder of the city forty years ago, and also by Mr. Warren, Col. Bacon, and Gen. Davis, who were very courteous in tendering us the hospitalities of the place. We could only avail ourselves of their kindness by taking an hour's drive through the city. One lady secured a substantial token of the kindness of the gentlemen of Albany. She has a passion for chairs, and observing specimens of the straight-backed, deer-

skin-seated affairs manufactured in the negro cabins of that vicinity, she coveted one so earnestly that a legal gentleman in the carriage insisted on stopping at his office, from which he brought an ancient chair of the desired pattern, with a well-worn deer-skin seat, and presented it to the lady, who seemed delighted with her prize. She planted it in a corner of the car, and occupied it as her special throne for the rest of the trip. She carried it home, and it is understood that she intends to pass it down to posterity as a family heir loom.

At the station at Albany we parted with Col. Screven and Mr. Haines, with the most cordial thanks of all the party for their constant courtesy and attention.

The chief object of interest on the way to Macon was Andersonville, the horrible prison of Northern soldiers during the war. The railroad runs close by the spot made so famous by suffering. The old stockades are still standing in full sight from the car window. It seems strange that such ghastly mementoes should not have been long ago obliterated. But there they stand, ten years after the war, to send a shudder through every passer-by who can remember the time when they were the scene of such unutterable miseries.

At four o'clock we arrived at Brown's Hotel, Macon, where we were to spend a quiet Sunday. And here at last we had a rainy day—an event quite unusual in our trip. Macon deserves a full description, but now that our faces are turned homeward, this chronicle—already drawn out far beyond its design—must

be only a brief record of the several stages of our journey. One thing, however, must be mentioned. Col. W. B. Johnson, the Vice-President of the Georgia Central Railroad Company, invited the whole party to call at his house, and in the afternoon we drove there. It is situated on the fine elevation overlooking the city, and is by all means the finest private residence we have seen south of Washington. In fact there are few finer in the country.

Monday, March 23, at eight o'clock we left Macon for Atlanta. Mrs. Bacon found some friends in the train who were invited to occupy our car—a form of hospitality which has proved throughout the trip a very pleasant feature of our migratory life. The latch-string is always out, though our house is moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour. These visitors proved particularly interesting. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mellor and Miss Sharp, of Philadelphia—Mrs. Mellor being the first cousin of John Bright. We reached Atlanta in the afternoon, but the car rolled into the vast depot in the heart of the city, and remained only long enough to secure a new locomotive to carry us one hundred miles further on the new air-line rail-road to Toccoa, a station in the midst of the fine scenery of Northern Georgia.

We remained at Atlanta about an hour—long enough to get letters, and to feel something of the spirit of city life, from which we had been cut off so long. For Atlanta—only ten years ago laid waste by war—is now the busiest and most prosperous city south of Baltimore. We resisted the temptation of the fine hotel, in order to accept the kind offer of Colonel Johnson to send us to Toccoa for the night, so that we might visit the Falls in the morning.

We arrived about ten o'clock after a moonlight ride through some of the finest scenery of the South. Colonel Sage, one of the chief officers of the new road, was in charge of our train, and by his kind attentions added still more to our obligations to all connected with the many lines of railroad over which we have passed.

Toccoa is scarcely a year old. It has not even a railroad depot. It consists of the Lecroy House and a few cottages. It owes its existence to the fact that it is the nearest point to the Falls. It must be about equal to Tocoi in population. But a greater contrast in all physical characteristics, can scarcely be imagined, than that between Toccoa and Tocoi. One lies basking in the sun upon the sandy shores of the St. Johns, shaded with live oaks and Orange trees, sleepily attending to the transfer of passengers from the boats to the one horse railroad to St. Augustine. The other stands high upon the summit of a moun tain range, sturdily clearing the forests, and blasting the rocks, to form a pathway for a great through railroad from North to South. At Tocoi you may travel for miles without finding any hill but an Indian Mound. At Toccoa, Colonel Sage backed our train a mile or two southward in the morning, and left us stand ing, as if suspended in mid-air, on a narrow trestle-work, so high

that it made us shudder lest the whole train should topple into the valley below.

The party will preserve the memory of the Lecroy House, without full description. The car stopped in front of it, and as we approached we could see the dim outlines of a large plain wooden building, like a rough country meeting-house—lighted up by the glare of a huge wood fire on a hearth, shining through the open door. The proprietor had been warned of our arrival, and had made preparations to the extent of his ability. But the house throughout was built of rough boards, and all its appointments were of the most primitive description. And its rooms, such as they were, were only sufficient for half the party. So the ladies took possession of the car, to the total exclusion of the gentlemen, who turned into the bunks of the Lecroy House, where the good people did their best to provide for them.

In the morning we piled the party into some mountain wagons, and bumped over four miles of rough road, to see the famous falls, which are very fine—but a waterfall is a very poor thing to describe. The reason we took such a jolting ride to get to it was because it was a waterfall—which, more than any other natural object, must be seen to be appreciated.

They say they have another one much finer, twelve miles further, but they must mend their ways before they can beguile Northern tourists to visit it. We were content to take the glowing descriptions of the natives. Returning from the Falls, we were soon upon our Eastward way through the wild mountain country which seems to make this new road one endless succession of deep cuts and heavy fills—with lofty trestle works spanning the lower valleys.

We passed Currihee Mountain and saw the outline of Stone Mountain and Bald Mountain, from which region came strange rumors of a vast convulsion of nature in actual operation. From the talk of the people at the stations and the reports of the local papers, it seemed as if some great cataclysm was taking place among the mountains of North Carolina. They told us that scientific men and newspaper reporters were flocking there from all directions, and they rubbed their hands with glee at the thought of the prospect of a first-class sensation in that dull region—a veritable Vesuvius to which visitors would crowd from all parts of the civilized world. Alas! for the vanity of human wishes! The last rumbles of the earthquake died away as we rolled on to the level country, and we have heard no more of it. The dwellers in that quiet valley will remain undisturbed in their seclusion.

We spent an hour at Spartansburg where the President of Wofford College called upon us, and the rival editors of the town papers interviewed us and, vied with each other in securing the most reliable and sensational items for their next week's issue.

We arrived at Charlotte at 9:30 and spent a comfortable night at the Central Hotel.

Wednesday, March 25, we left Charlotte at an early hour for a day's journey to Raleigh. About 2 o'clock we reached a station called Company's Shops, from the fact that the whole place is devoted to the purposes of the railroad and all its inhabitants connected with railroad service.

The officers of the Company had been warned of our arrival, and directed to provide us with a locomotive and a clear road to Raleigh. But by some error they had mistaken the day, as they showed us by a special time-table printed for the occasion, but providing for Thursday instead of Wednesday. Here was a dead-lock. For, smoothly as we have run for thousands of miles over scores of lines, we must have a clear path and motive power provided in advance. And here we were without either. There was no help for it during the day. The construction trains were on the road and could not be warned of our coming. So we waited till working hours were over and then having secured a locomotive we were off at half past six for Raleigh. The officer in charge did all in his power to beguile the hours we were compelled to spend at the shops, and made us a present of the entire edition of special time-tables for Thursday. justly remarked that he had no further use for them. It seems difficult to imagine a more useless and abortive production than a carefully devised time-table for a special train that passed over the road the day before.

It should be mentioned, in order to do full justice to our special car, that at this point two of the ladies, having exhausted all the ordinary virtues and uses of that wonderful vehicle, determined to test its qualites as a travelling hospital.

At Company's Shops while waiting for transportation the car was deserted by all but one lady, who wrapped herself up to enjoy a quiet chill, and by the time we were again in motion she was in the height of the fever which naturally followed. The dining room was devoted to her use and every other lady opened her treasures and produced an infallible remedy, and the sufferer was as well taken care of as in the best City Hospital. So that when we stopped in the Depot at Raleigh it was determined to leave her in the car for the night, with her husband as nurse, and Ben as door keeper and attendant. A luxurious bed was made, the blinds drawn down, and all appliances for the sick-room provided. Up to twelve o'clock at night the patient had for her lullaby the songs of the negroes just outside the car, engaged in heaving great blocks of ice from freight cars to the ice-house. And her husband sat in the adjoining room quietly writing this history, which accident will explain why he has omitted the graphic description of the Capital of North Carolina which would otherwise have adorned these pages.

When the party assembled at the car in the morning, the patient was still concealed behind the curtains, but was so much better that she was able to certify fully as to the advantages of the car as a curative establishment. But this did not seem to be entirely satisfactory, for soon another lady claimed hospital privileges, and a pile of mattresses was spread for

her in another room, which she occupied in the most interesting manner until she also was entirely restored. Thus it was proved by ample experience that the capacities of our moving house are equal to all the requirements of health or sickness. If such experiments are to be tried, however, it would seem to be the fair thing that it should be done by ladies who have a husband apiece and not as in this instance by both the wives of one traveller. It adds unjustly to his domestic cares. It was only as to one of them that he promised to care for her in sickness and in health. However, he bore himself bravely and before we reached Kittrell Springs we stopped long enough to visit the tidy, New England-looking hotel, and to gain some notion of the mode of life at one of these sources of health. This made a very favorable impression. The country is beautiful, the air balmy and delightful, the hotel clean, the hosts attentive, and if we were to credit the assurances made on the advertisement, the properties of the water were equal to the ancient Bethesda.

But our invalids were recovering—we were already bracing ourselves for a blast of our familiar Northern March wind, and we did not tarry long at Kittrell Springs. If they want to beguile travellers in Florida who have become familiar with the cadences of Oklawaha, Picolata, Volusia and Magnolia, they must provide their Springs with a more attractive name than "Kittrell."

At a station called Ridgway we were rapturously greeted by

a gentleman named J. L. Labiaux, formerly of Newark, but for many years past engaged in large agricultural enterprises in North Carolina. He sprang upon the train to ride with us as far as possible, anxious to hear all possible news from his old home, and to impart to us some of his enthusiasm for his new one. He dined with us in the car and gave us very interesting descriptions of his attempts at grape culture on a large scale, and especially of his extensive exportation of American grape stocks to France to be there grafted with French vines in order to avoid an insect which has proved fatal to the French vines, while the hardier American stocks have thus far escaped them. It seemed a curious fact that France might be compelled to depend on America for the very root and basis of her staple production.

Desiring to vary our homeward route it was determined to pass by Richmond and Washington and occupy Petersburg and Baltimore instead. So, late in the evening of the 26th of March, we arrived at Petersburg after just four weeks of travel.

Our wonderful facilities for special trains enabled us to arrange to stay in Petersburg until 12:30, and to occupy the morning in driving over the old battle-fields and objects of interest so familiar to travellers. It is not the province of this chronicle to describe battle-fields, or to indulge in any patriotic memories. We visited the old war lines and were duly informed how the various bodies of troops were posted, and where the terrible mines were sprung, and how the last break was made through the rebel works which resulted in the speedy end of the war,

but these are not materials for this rapidly closing narrative, and it is probable that the most vivid as well as permanent impression made upon the minds of the party at Petersburg, was by the old ivy-clad ruin of Blandford Church, standing amidst its quiet graves, just as it stood before the tide of war dashed so near to its old walls and ebbed away again, leaving it quietly to settle into respectable and undisturbed decay—a veritable relic of antiquity in this modern country.

But it is plain that the American mind is not in harmony with ruins. We do not know how to treat them—or rather how to let them alone. We are unwilling to leave them to be gracefully draped with the mosses and mildews of time. We must consecrate them by some public advertisement of their antiquity, so that the awed beholder shall be distinctly informed, "this is a venerable American ruin." On this principle some one has taken a paint-pot and brush and inscribed in large round letters on the inner wall of Blandford Church a string of weak verses written by Tyrone Power on the occasion of his visit here some thirty years ago. And there it glares upon the crumbling wall in hideous incongruity with the venerable features of the interesting old structure. May the hand of time be quickened to obliterate the words, or cover them with a veil of moss or ivy!

At 12.30 we turn Northward, on the way to Baltimore.

At the Potomac, where other passengers in the train take the boat for Washington, we find a special locomotive with a zealous officer in charge, who is to pick up our car and wheel us away to Baltimore. He seems to take special pride in the duty, and as we see the steamboat slowly pulling away from the dock, he informs us that by the time she lands in Washington he will have us in Baltimore, informing us also of the marvel lous speed with which he had borne the body of Charles Sumner from Washington to New York a few days before, and assuring us that we should make as good time to our supper at the Carrolton House as the great Statesman did to his grave. And he was as good as his word, for at 9.30 we were installed in the luxurious quarters of that first-class modern Hotel.

It should be mentioned, however, that at this point the missing husband of one of our party who had been vaguely expected to appear upon the scene at some point on our journey, suddenly turned up. He was to join us at all the available points as we went Southward. He was looked for wistfully at Jacksonville, as we steamed away for the upper regions of the St. Johns, but after all he did not appear until 9.30 in the evening of March 27th at Baltimore Depot, at which point he received the formal surrender of his wife and her "small traps" from the gentleman who had up to that time had them in his special charge.

Monday, March 28th, 1874, is the last day of the thirty spent in this memorable excursion to Florida.

At Philadelphia the break up is to begin. And so a group is gathered in our familiar drawing room—the ladies produce their diaries—especially Miss Bacon, whose pencil has noted many of the fleeting incidents of the journey—and a general

summary of the facts of so much of this history as is yet unwritten, is made, in order that materials may exist for its completion, if on our return to ordinary life there shall remain interest enough in the events of the trip to make it desirable.

Soon four of our household leave their familiar places and wave their farewells from the platform at West Philadelphia, and in another hour we have crossed the Delaware, and are speeding homeward through the well-known fields and cities of New Jersey. We gather up the time-tables and carefully count the miles we have traversed, and on faithful computation we find them 3,623, and all without an accident of any kind, and with no untoward incident to mar the pleasure of the trip to every individual. And when but a few miles of this long round are left, a sense of gratitude for the thoughtful consideration with which the excursion was planned, and for the kind care with which it has been carried out in its minutest detail, pervades the minds of all the party, but finds poor expression in the closing moments of our journey.

But we must not close this record without grateful acknowledgement of the kind attentions of the officers of all the railroads over which we have passed. Not only have all possible facilities of rail and telegraph been furnished promptly and gratuitously, but nothing that friendly courtesy could suggest to promote our personal comfort and social pleasure, was left undone. In the name of Mr. Dennis and his guests, we tender to them all warmest thanks.

Just thirty days ago our moving house, with its inmates rolled away from the point we are so near—from snow to summer—from the Hudson to the St. Johns. Hour by hour it flashed behind it to the homes of the household, the tidings of its progress,—and forward, from station to station, the news of its approach.

It traversed nine States and the District of Columbia. It passed through more than twenty cities, stopping as often and as long as its inmates desired. It threaded its way through all the intricacies of the iron paths, whether wide or narrow, from New Jersey to Florida. At every point it found the officers of the railroads ready to welcome it and speed it on its way, and always a locomotive waiting to wheel it onward when the signal was given, and not before. And at one point far South, when it seemed to have reached a barrier, it found in Col. Screven, and Superintendent Rogers, not only the cordial gentlemen, ready to devote themselves to the social gratification of the household, but the generous magicians, able and willing to transport the house four hundred miles, in order that it might be open for occupation, across the barrier of a few city blocks,-and all this with no motive or reward but his own kindness, and the hearty thanks of those to most of whom he was, up to that time, a stranger. And though running over 3,000 miles in thirty days, no bolt was started, no screw displaced, and each wheel came back sound and firm, though it had revolved over three million times. And Charley stood faithful to his watch till the last turn was made.

And within the walls was the same perfection. The comfort and harmony of the household were not once disturbed. storm invaded it, no heat oppressed it. The kettle was always singing in the kitchen, and the ice was always ready in the refrigerator. The larder was never lean, and the wine closet never empty, and Ben stood always prepared to dispense his bounties to all who asked. The morning papers were always on the table, the messages from distant homes came dropping in day by day. The library was stocked with books, the lounges always invited a lazy occupant, and the piazza was always at hand for the dissolving views of natural scenery, the moonlight talk or song, or the quiet smoke. And day by day our kind host was always watchful, dropping in at unexpected moments with telegrams from home, foreseeing all contingencies, planning for the occupations of the coming day, and ever anxious that it should be a day of new enjoyment.

And Mrs. Dennis was ever kind and gentle, ever careful, of the comfort of the household, and daily enjoying in her quiet way the constantly renewed pleasure of her guests.

For her this record is written at the request of all, as a memorial of this delightful journey, and as some expression, however inadequate, of their appreciation of the kindness which provided for them this memorable month upon the wheels from the Hudson to the St. Johns.



N ACCOUNT of the journey so fully described in the previous pages, was published in the Newark Daily Advertiser, by a correspondent, who was also a member of the Southern excursion party, from which the following extracts were made, leaving out many details, which would be but repetitions.







A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS.

FROM NEWARK TO FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 20th, 1874.

The Southern excursion party which left Newark after the forbidding snow storm of February 26th, have just successfully completed an attractive tour through Florida under the most auspicious circumstances, but not a shadow of regret darkens the joyous anticipations of exchanging this torrid atmosphere for the bracing breezes of the North. On arriving at Jacksonville, the temperature resembled our Jersey June, but further south it rose to mid-summer heat, in which we gasped for a breath of northern air. It was impossible to realize that you were at the same time shivering in the snows and penetrating winds of Winter, and longing for just what we were anxious to escape. Thus the discontent so common to poor humanity, prevails at both extremes of the country from opposite causes, and each envies the other's lot, just as they did in the early days of old Horace's satire.

The details of travel to and through this sunny land have been so minutely set forth in the letters you have published from accomplished

tourists during several winters past, that they must be already trite to your readers, and I shall not undertake to embarrass you with repetitions of statistics which lumber the guide-books and gazetteers. pencillings by the way, may interest those who are familiar with our party and the unusual advantages it enjoyed. It was one of those charming expeditions which the friends of Mr. A. L. Dennis, of the New Jersey Railroad, have been accustomed to enjoy at frequent intervals during some years past, and which may be considered the luxury of railway travelling. It was under his ever watchful care and well-planned management, demonstrating his remarkable executive ability, rare capacity for combining details, and a generous desire to minister to the comfort of his guests. Though recreation was the object of the latter, the railway men were evidently inspecting routes with a view to railway connections through the South. Your Mayor, Perry, slipped into the position of commissary, as naturally and genially as he falls into political ways at home, and if one who "knows how to keep a hotel" may be regarded as tit for all other trusts, he has fully established his trustworthiness by his energy and providence; for the luxurious fare upon the car is far superior in quality, if not in variety, to anything we find at the best public houses on the route. Long may he wave! The financial manager is Mr. C. S. Baylis, of Brooklyn, whose amiable qualities, and ever watchful guardianship over his responsible department and the comforts of the party at the stopping places, won the general confidence and respect of all.

The palace-car is itself a perfect miniature hotel, combining all the comforts and sumptuous elegance of which railway architecture is capable. In completeness of detail, economy in the use of space, and substantial workmanship, it may be said to be one of the latest and completest results of the mechanic arts. It is divided into a parlor, a dining-room, two toilet rooms, a kitchen and a balcony at one end. It is warmed by a furnace. The kitchen is supplied with a refrigerator, cooking range, hot

and cold water, &c. The dining room, which is also capable of instant conversion into sleeping apartments, is provided with an extension table. India crockery of the finest sort, and the choicest linen. There are also electric call-bells from every part, with an indicator in the kitchen, and the wheels are adjustible to any change in the width of tracks, so that the car can run on any railway on the continent. The completeness of this establishment renders the party entirely independent of the wayside hotels whenever they are inconvenient, though it is part of the plan to stop at prominent places for rest at night and on Sundays. Mr. Charles W. Rowan, a most capable and attentive conductor, accompanies it, assisted by Benjamin Harris in the inside duties. "Ben" is a colored man with a rare genius for all work, and equally excellent in all. the maitre d' hotel and chef de cuisine combined, and is so accomplished and efficient in all domestic affairs that he has become the pet of the ladies and the "philosopher and friend" of the gentlemen. If he is not completely spoiled by their attentions he will be a shining example of human forti-In this little palace, the favored company, started on their southward tour, stopping at Washington on the first night, and reaching Richmond, Va., in time to pass the following Sunday in visiting the churches and places of historic interest for which that ancient city is so famous. On Monday we resumed the journey, passing the night in the cars, and stopping at Charlotte, N. C., a vigorous young city, to adapt the wheels to the change in the tracks for the Southern roads. Here we found some enterprising Jerseymen, who seem to be the animating spirits of the place. Prominent among them was Mr. Stephen Howell, formerly of Newark, who spoke affectionately of his old teacher there, the venerable Mr. Hedges, who whipped into him those practical hints that have led him to affluence in the cotton business.

The next night was comfortably passed at Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina, where several business men formerly from your vicinity

waited upon us and extended the warm hospitality of the place. The leading object of interest was the Legislature, in which a majority of the seats are occupied by colored men, who are now making laws for their former masters. The opening prayer of the colored clergyman was an appeal to Divine favor, which for devout feeling, simplicity, and purity of language was above the average performances of his white brethren. The colored members appeared modest, intelligent, and ready in parliamentary tactics, while their moderation was in marked contrast to the rampant arrogance of the Southern chivalry who here nursed the reptile spirit of nullification and rebellion which humiliated their haughty pride by a fearful retribution. The venerable University, which seems almost deserted, the military barracks, which are still occupied by Federal troops, and the track of Sherman's march, were all visited with interest. and the party were whirled away at noon, through pine forests and swamps, 137 miles to Charleston. A day was pleasantly passed there in visiting Fort Sumter, and the elegant residence of Colonel Lathers, who entertained us with a munificent hospitality, and many exchanges of friendly greeting. This ancient mart of prosperous commerce and wealth became the nest of pirates and blockade runners in the late war, and like the State itself, sits in apparent humiliation, if not despair. It looks sad and gloomy, but there are ambitious spirits there, who are contending earnestly with its more successful rival, Savannah, for the interior cotton trade and foreign exchanges.

On the 6th we were off again for Augusta, stopping on the way at Aiken, the famous resort for northern invalids. It is a sparsely settled town, with several excellent hotels, the proprietors of which complain of a dull business, caused partly by the diversion of visitors to private boarding houses. It is very rural in its aspects, its chief merit being a pure, dry atmosphere, which did not, however, impress me as being superior to other places in the interior of that State. At Augusta we were im-

pressed with evidences of a more active and enlarged spirit of enterprise, which indeed characterizes all the State of Georgia. The wide, animated streets, and large, deep store-houses filled with merchandise, were indications of a business energy that savored more of the northern genius than anything we had seen since leaving Richmond.

On Saturday, the 7th, we were off again toward the sea-shore, passing through luxuriant pines and malarious swamps, with occasional cotton plantations, arriving at Savannah towards evening. Here we were indebted for many hospitalities to the Mayor, the Chief of Police and other representatives of the city, and especially to Col. Screven, President of the Grand Gulf Railroad. He was educated at Princeton, is a high-toned gentleman by birth, education and instinct, and won the affectionate regards of our entire party. Through his courtesy we visited the cotton presses, Buenaventure cemetery, and his own rice plantations, which are, just now, not in a very presentable condition. The city is the most attractive resort above Florida for Northern people. It has more apparent activity of business than any Southern port, and is charmingly built, with little parks on every block.

The atmosphere is bland, with roses, japonicas, and jessamines blooming in the open air. It is the point of departure, by steamers and railways, for Florida, the Northern ports, and interior cities. Here Messrs. Taylor and Sloan parted with us in pursuance of their special railway interests in the interior, and their places were taken by Judge and Mrs. Schley, of Savannah. They added much to the pleasure, he by his intelligence and vivacious humor and she by those feminine graces that always soften our masculine asperities.

The railway from Jacksonville affords a rather tedious ride of 268 miles, occupying about seventeen hours of time. The country is a dead level, with sandy soil, frequent swamps covered by forests of pine, cypress and oaks, and a few small settlements built on the cheap Western plan,

but unfit for stopping places. There are few objects of interest along the route, except the profusion of terrapins that were sunning themselves upon fallen trees along the brooks, and extensive fires were blazing among the underbrush of the forests, lighting up the dark wilderness as far as the eye could reach, with brilliant, yet weird-like effect.

It was two o'clock on the morning of the 11th when we found grateful rest at Jacksonville, and passed the following day there. A few of us called upon Governor Hart, whom we found suffering with a pulmonary disease, which resulted fatally a few days afterward. He told us that he passed the last summer in Newark and Morristown, in the hope of relief, but without success. His wife is from Newark, being a sister of Mr. C. G. Campbell. His death is a great calamity to the State, and is already causing warm contentions among the officials. Jacksonville is their most important city. It has a growing trade, chiefly in cotton and lumber, and the hotels are overflowing with refugees from the rigors of the north. Their large and brilliant assemblies are enlivened by bands of music during the evening, reproducing the lively scenes at the northern Summer resorts, but the visitors are mostly people of more retirement and wealth than are seen at those more accessible places.

The surroundings of Jacksonville are not picturesque. The country is level, sandy and unproductive, but there are a few orange trees in private gardens, and a few hard-coaxed flowers, but the air is charming, and it is the point of departure for the St. Johns river, which furnishes the chief attraction to the tourist. Having been beguiled into a rather more diffuse account of the trip than was intended, I must reserve the completion of the town for another letter.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH .- FLORIDA.

In the rather long and necessarily superficial sketch of travel on the railway route to Florida, in Monday's Daily, there was no room for some practical observations, which I now propose to make. And first as to the country, which offers few attractions on the seaboard route south of Richmond. It is almost as level as a prairie, without its fertility, and is occasionally shaded by forest trees, but no fruits to speak of. The soil is for the most part sandy, resembling that in our Jersey sea-shore counties, with intervals of clay, neither being capable of cultivation without guano, super-phosphates, or other artificial fertilizers. The freight trains we saw were filled with them; at the stations they occupied more space than cotton or any any other produce, and the atmosphere was redolent of their noisome odors. The expense of this is a serious embarrassment to the farmers, who complain that the cost last year nearly ruined them. So it was fair to conclude that agriculture on such terms cannot be a profitable business there, but further inland, and especially in Georgia, it may be more so.

The people we met were intelligent, cordial in their greetings, and surprisingly free from the unfriendly feeling toward the North which we had been led to expect. The more intelligent portion talked freely about their condition, and accepted the results of the war philosophically, and without a sign of resentment. Some of them indeed were frank enough to characterize the rebellion as a stupendous blunder of the South, and criticise rather sharply the political demagogues who led them into it. The blacks were not so stupid nor ignorant as they are represented, and compare well with their brethren at the North. Hard experiences have disenchanted them of the idea that emancipation meant freedom from labor, and they are apparently a simple-minded, well-meaning, law-respecting

class, who, if they make political mistakes, do so through the misguidance of those who are unworthy of their confidence. They retain the hereditary lethargy of their race, former customs and climate, which is the chief drawback to their efficiency. I am speaking now of the rural districts, and not of the class of servants in cities or hotels. The average wages for farm hands is about twelve dollars per month and found—that is, a peck of meal and three pounds of meat per week! This would be a sorry allowance for a Northern laborer. In private houses and hotels, the male servants get about ten dollars per month, and the females half as much. Most of them are unfitted for service in Northern families, whose habits of life are entirely foreign to theirs.

My last sketch of travel brought us to Jacksonville, the inviting threshold and portal of Florida, and the commercial metropolis of the State Its docks present the aspects of substantial business. The main street is lined with stores, the most attractive of which are for the sale of curi osities peculiar to the State, such as feather-work, alligators' teeth carved into whistles and charms, Florida beans set in all manner of jewelry for ladies' use, oranges, and domestic supplies. The country is for the most part a level, uncultivated wilderness, abounding in sand, pine forests, water courses, luxuriant swamps, and a usually delightful climate; but during the past Winter the temperature has been rather treacherous, the thermometer running to wide extremes between the day and night. For invalids, it is difficult to say what class is most benefitted there, and only personal experience can determine. The adage that what is one man's meat is another's poison, is as applicable to air as it is to diet.

To the victims of feeble digestion, torpid livers, and intermittent tendencies, the warmth of Florida seems to be debilitating, and the cold invigorating air of Minnesota, or the high regions of the western territories to give more freshness and force; but every individual case is a law unto itself, and no newspaper scribbler can undertake to advise. It is safe to say, however, that any change of scene, and the pleasant excitement it involves, will improve, if not restore, ordinarily impaired health, and also prolong a life, even of one afflicted with organic disease, and any change from the deadly caprice of our March winds is a relief to all. For pulmonary complaints, while the temperate climate may relieve, it cannot offer a specific remedy. It is plausively, and perhaps truly, said that most patients who go there are too far advanced to recover. While this may readily be admitted. I am disposed to think that as much of it originates there as elsewhere, relative to the per centage of population and other maladies. The late Governor Hart, who recently died, is a case in point. He went North last Summer with the same hope that persons there with similar afflictions, fly to the South, and though his experience favored his own sunny home, it failed to save his life. It may, however, have greatly prolonged it, and while I state the case I do not propose to discourage the hope of any afflicted one, but simply to suggest a hunt that may lead to wiser discrimination of cases by patients and their medical advisers in contemplating a change of residence.

As to products of the soil, there are very few in Florida. Though to the poetic fancy every prospect pleases, I cannot say with Bishop Heber's hymn, that only man is vile. There are many intelligent, industrious toilers, who are striving for agricultural improvement, but they have not yet successfully demonstrated the capacity of the land. You look in vain for cultivated fields along the river fronts, but further inland, beyond the malarious vapors, there are said to be orange groves which yield profitable returns, but they do not grow spontaneously. The native tree produces a sonr, acrid fruit, and requires the same application of science in the way of budding, grafting, &c., as the apple, pear or plum, at the North: but after such treatment, the fruit is more luscious than any we import, and it is at the same time costlier—the prices at this time averaging about \$3 per-hundred at the groves, with insufficient supplies. Sweet potatoes are

unusually rich and nutritious, but the quantity scarcely answers the home demand. There is no grass for cattle. The poor, pitiful, starved looking creatures seem too feeble to wag their tails, and hay and feed for them, with domestic supplies of almost every kind, are imported from the North. Even the milk comes, in a condensed form, from Northern dairies. I noticed that the steamboat in which we ascended the St. Johns River, was freighted with supplies for settlers on its upward passage, but brought no staples nor freight of any kind on its return, showing that there were no exportable products to balance the imports. It was a fair inference, therefore, that the financial life of Florida is dependent upon the money derived from the multitude of Northern visitors, who furnish its most important crop. Enterprising men of wealth, however, are now enlisting in hopeful efforts to improve and develop the possibilities of the country, and may in the slow progress of events produce a change in all its aspects

The St. Johns river is the great artery of the State, through which its tinted waters flow, and along which its chief attractions cluster. As far up as Pilatka, seventy-five miles above Jacksonville, the river is of immense breadth, with beautiful green slopes and sharp cut margins on which the cozy retreats of Northern settlers nestle among orange groves. magnolias, and sturdy live oaks, profusely covered by mosses, which give them a gracefully weeping effect. Above Pilatka the river instantly shrinks to narrower proportions, with short windings, more tropical scenes, and pleasant surprises at every turn. The banks are thickly covered with rank luxuriance; palmettos, cypresses, oaks and jessamines, interlaced by mosses, overlang the water, and occasionally a startled alligator slides from his muddy bed and splashes into the recesses of the stream below just in time to escape the volley of bullets which amateur marksmen heartlessly fire upon him from the deck of the boat, altogether presenting a scene of almost Eastern enchantment. The stream widens out a few miles up, forming Lake George, a shallow inland sea, sixteen miles

in length, and again after passing Volusia forms another called Lake Monroe, upon which are three small settlements — Sanfords, Mellonville and Enterprise. The former is a land speculation of Mr. Sanford, our former Secretary of Legation to Paris, and the recent candidate for United States Senator. It is to be hoped that better success will crown his later venture than it did his political aspiration. Enterprise is the ultima thule of steamboat wanderers, but there are still wilder regions beyond to tempt the daring seeker for fresh excitement and pastures new.

On their return down the St. Johns river the party took leave of the steamboat Starlight at Tocoi, and after a few hours' delay in the torrid heat, took the horse cars upon a rude wooden railway for St. Augustine, fifteen miles distant, where we arrived after three hour's travel.

St. Augustine was overflowing with strangers who have been enjoying a delicious atmosphere, tempered by the sea breezes during the Winter. The hotels and boarding houses were so full that newly arrived visitors are lodged all about the city in houses, some of which are old and dilapidated relies of the original Spanish settlers. This was the First permanent settlement on the Continent, and retains the character which its foreign founders gave it. It is not directly on the ocean, as I had supposed, but is separated from it by a strip of sand, with intervening water. and it is accessible to vessels through an inlet. While contemplating its quaint old houses with balconies, separated by narrow, crooked streets. and all the aspects of a Continental town, one can scarcely realize that he is in an American city. The most impressive object is the Fort of St. Marco, which is in good preservation, though upwards of three centuries It has the moat, draw-bridge, keeps, ramparts, magazines, and dungeons, which we read of in mediæval stories, and vividly recalls the tales of chivalry and romance they inspired. Cathedral is another object of serious contemplation. sombre, solemn, and substantial, but by no means grand, it seems like a reproduction of one of the old Spanish churches, where generations of devoted worshippers have prayed for, and perhaps found eternal peace.

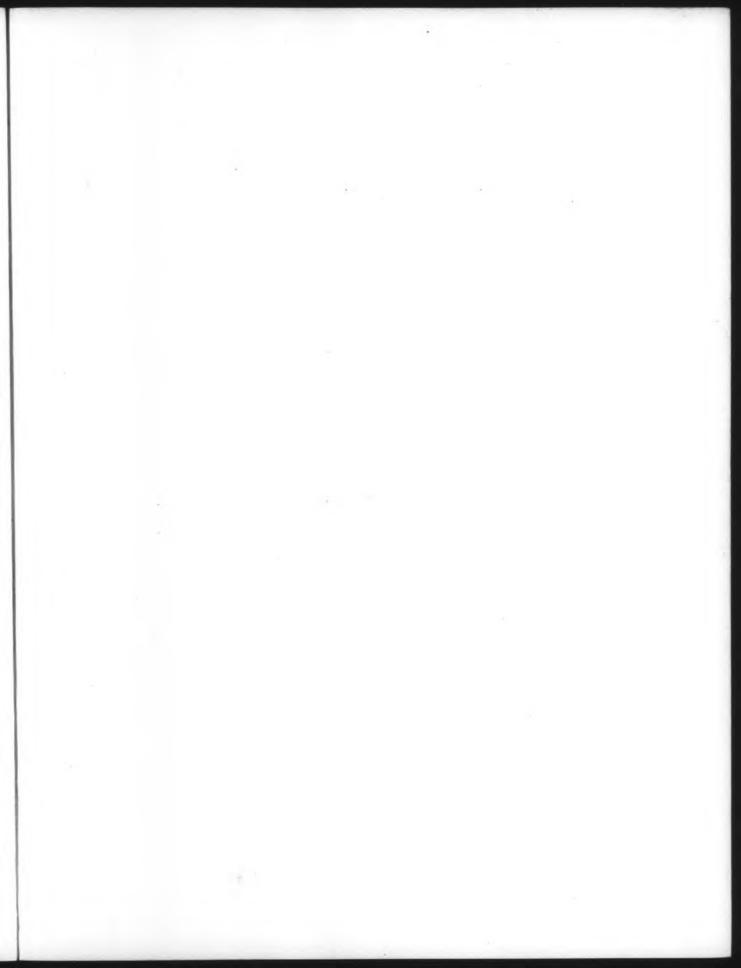
This reverend little city is in some respects the most inviting resort for Northern visitors, because of its antiquity, its climate, its fine exposure, and attractive suburbs. It is growing in favor among people of refinement, who are already securing permanent homes. It is called the Newport of the South, and is rapidly improving. The chief objection of families accustomed to Northern luxuries, is the difficulty of procuring meats and other supplies which the country itself does not produce. I might say much more of the quaint attractions of the place, its history, the romance of its fort, its fragrant orange groves, and delicious atmosphere, all of which now seem like a fairy dream, to which a prosy letter can do no justice.

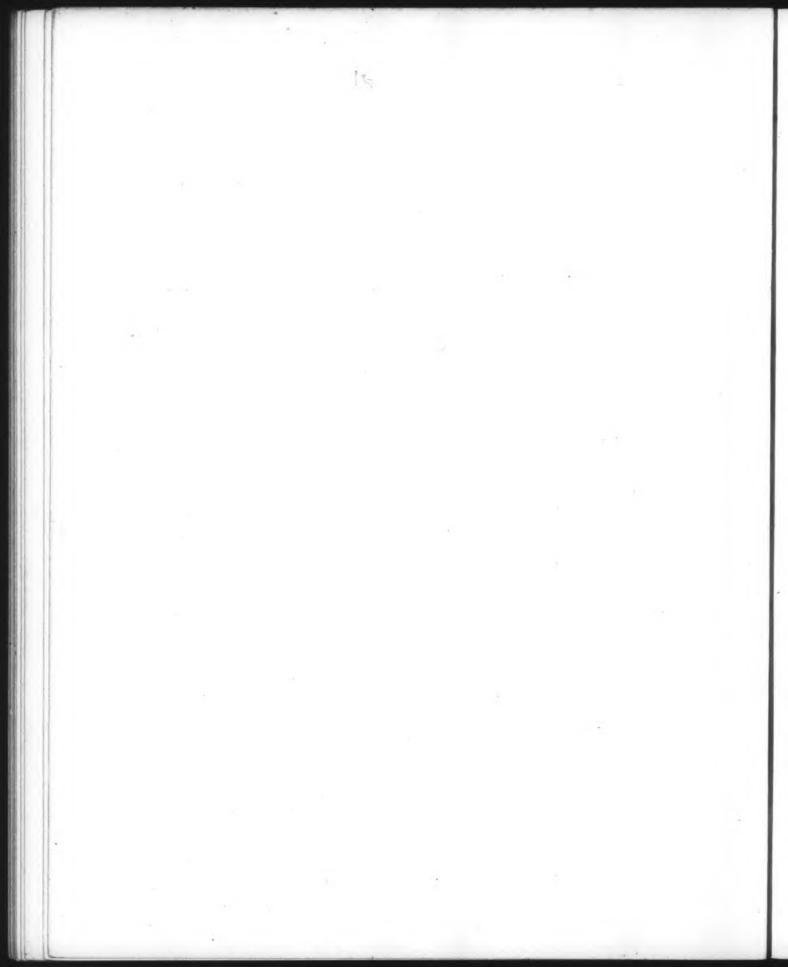
On the 20th we started on our homeward course, via Albany, where we passed that night. The hospitalities of this rural village were touchingly tendered, and here we parted with Col. Screven, the noble-hearted President of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and his polite Superintendent, Mr. Haines, with mutual expressions of sorrow and lasting attachment.

A few hours travel brought us to Andersonville, the revolting scene of prison terrors, the tragic story of which shocks humanity and forms the darkest spot in the Confederate annals. Here rest all that is mortal of 15,000 Union soldiers beneath the soil they trod in humiliation and sorrow, but not disgrace.

The same evening brought us to Macon and a restful Sabbath. This is one of the few cities that were untouched by the desolation of war, and its evidences of active business, public spirit and refined taste, confirmed our former impressions of the Georgia people, who alone of all the South seem to be animated by the Northern genius and enterprise. Here lives Mr. Wadley, the President of the Central Railway, a noble scion from the old American stock, and Col. Johnston, of the Air-line road, to both of whom we are indebted for grateful attentions. The latter has a magnificent residence, surrounded with tasteful horticultural attractions, and containing a picture gallery stocked with choice gems of foreign art.

After two more nights' rest, at Charlotte and Raleigh, we took the Weldon route. Friday night brought us to Baltimore, and after parting reluctantly at Philadelphia with another detachment of our now diminishing party—the family of Mr. Bacon, of the Pennsylvania road—we alighted on Saturday afternoon at Newark, after a journey of 3,300 miles in space and thirty days in time—precious hours of unalloyed pleasure and profit: of fast friendships, which separation may modify but not destroy, of countless experiences which memory will long cherish among the choicest reminiscences of departed joys.





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